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Yet where once bananas grew readily, giving a general average of 40-50 tons per hectare (16-20 tons per acre), a strange decline set in. Yields fell steadily. Before long, the best plantations were little better

than others nearby which, inexplicably, had always been poor. And there seemed little reason—in either case.

Fertilisers were tried. And, for a time, the plants revived—only to relapse again to give even lower yields. For the planters—and for the future of Guinée as France's largest supplier—the outlook seemed bleak. And then at last the cause was found: *Nematodes*. Eelworms of minute size—swarming unseen and almost invisibly in the soil; voraciously attacking the roots—insatiable and immeasurably destructive. But controllable, as events have now proved, effectively *and without damaging either young or established plants*, by Nemagon, developed by Shell.

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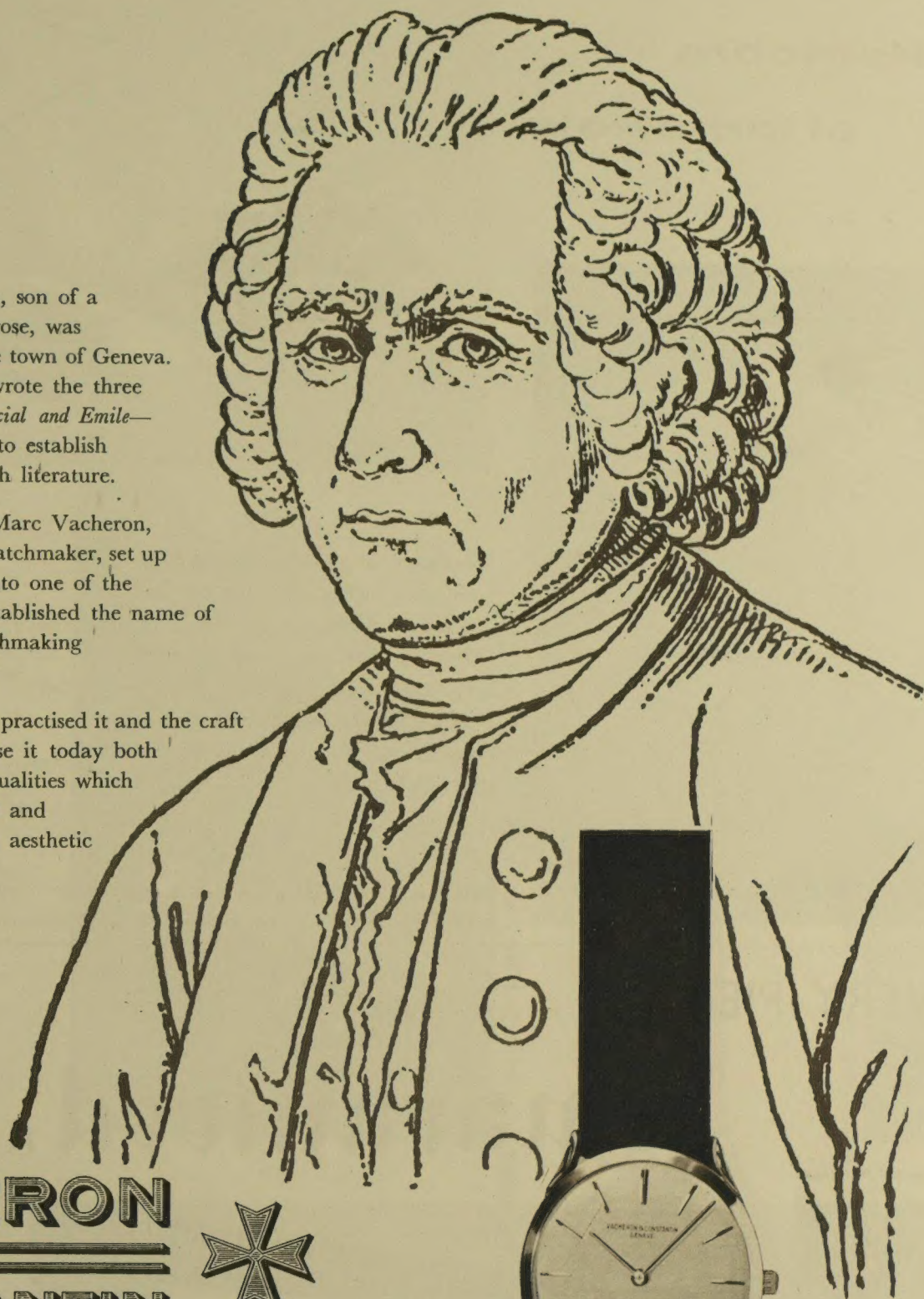




IN 1755 JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, son of a watchmaker, and a master of French prose, was re-admitted as a free citizen of his native town of Geneva. In the years immediately following he wrote the three works—*La Nouvelle Heloise*, *Le Contrat Social* and *Emile*—which, with his famous *Confessions* were to establish him as one of the great names in French literature.

It was in 1755 too, that Jean-Marc Vacheron, another native of Geneva and a master watchmaker, set up the workshop which has grown today into one of the world's foremost watch factories, and established the name of Vacheron as synonymous with fine watchmaking in every continent.

The craft of writing as Rousseau practised it and the craft of watchmaking as Vacheron still practise it today both partake in the highest degree of those qualities which elevate a craft into an art; creative skill and technique, flair, mastery of the medium, aesthetic originality and that uniqueness which time confirms.



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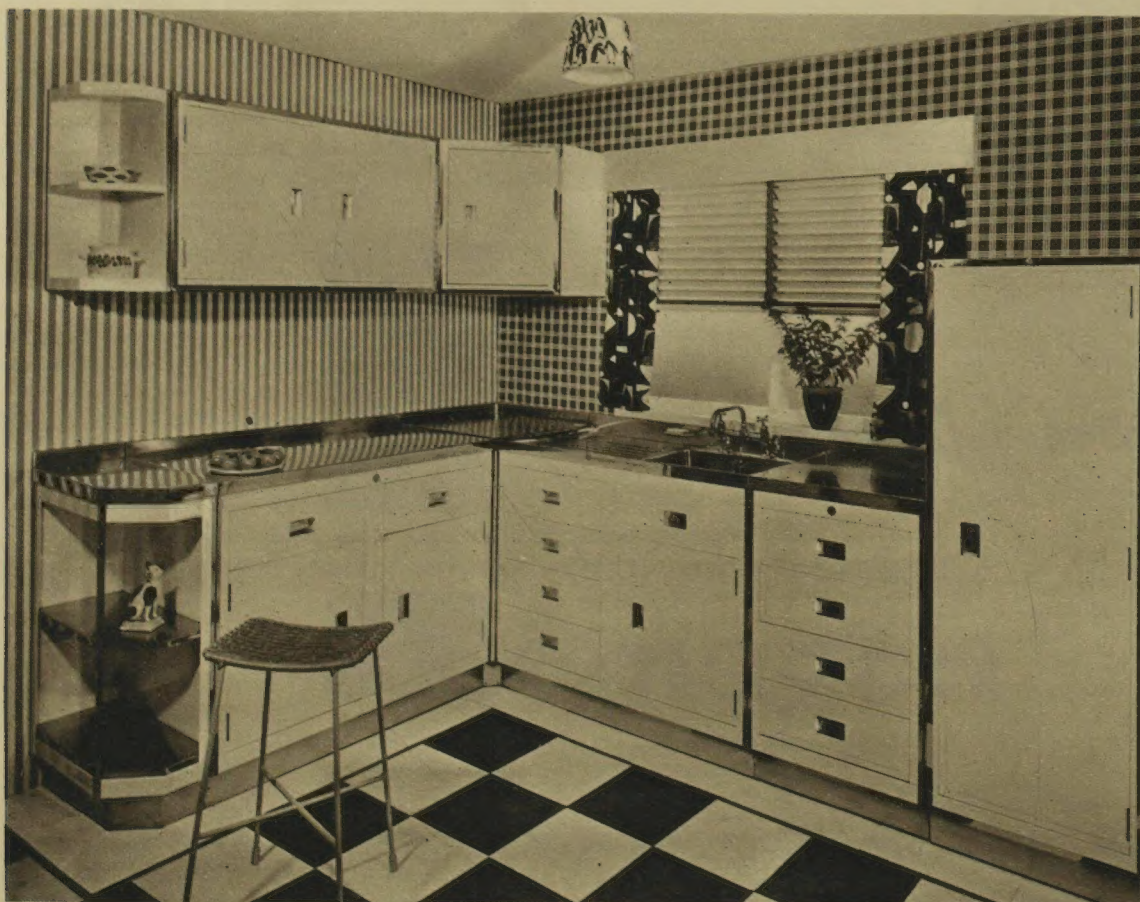


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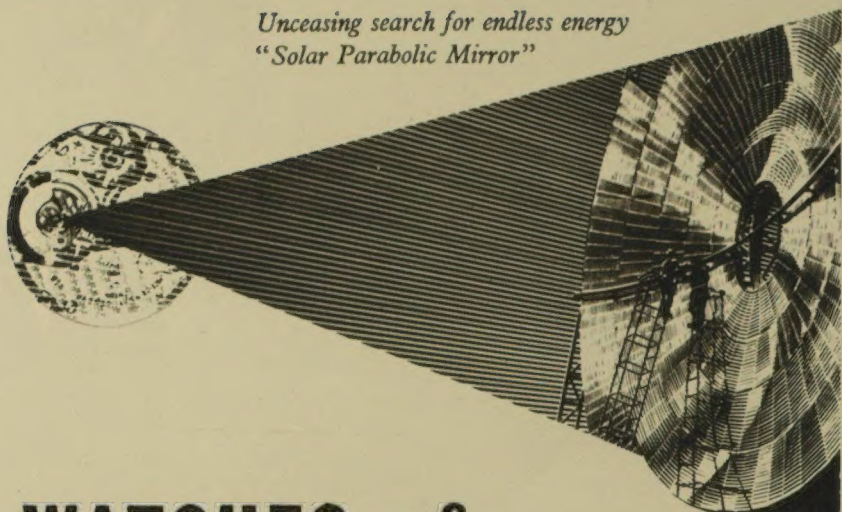
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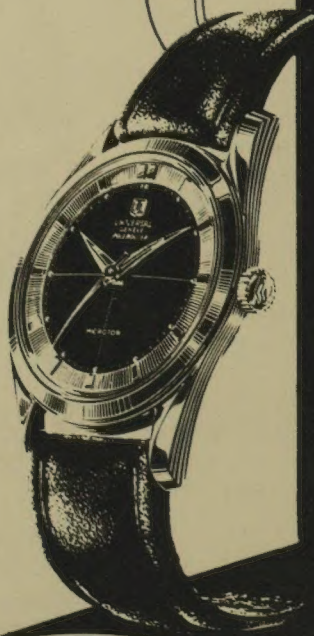


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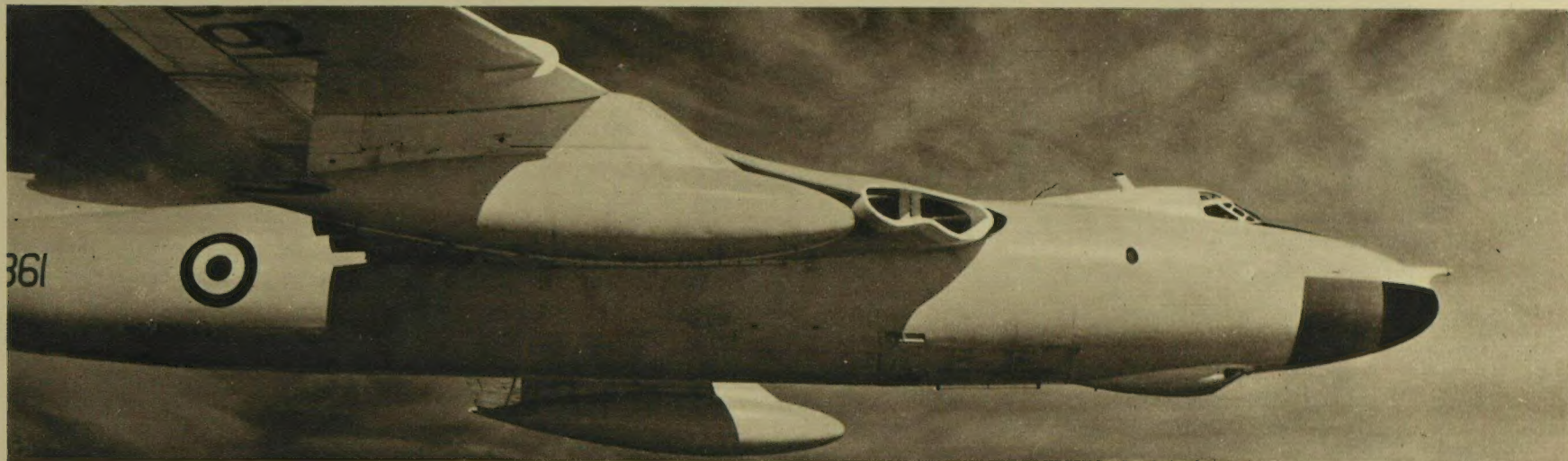
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to become a leader in the air, man of science, man of action and executive—all combined in one—there is an important and worthwhile career for him in the Royal Air Force of tomorrow



IF YOUR SON HAS SET HIS HEART ON flying with the Royal Air Force, his present ambitions may centre entirely upon the thrills of flying for its own sake. But he should know—and perhaps you can tell him—that flying with the Royal Air Force also involves the full responsibilities of an officer. To be selected for aircrew, a young man must possess outstanding qualities *in addition* to a desire and aptitude for flying.

**Prestige and financial status.** For the young man who qualifies now for a permanent or short service commission and comes

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knowledge, in order to keep up with the latest technological advances.

**The first step.** You know yourself if your son has the character, intelligence and fitness for this exacting but rewarding life. If he is over 17½, and has the G.C.E. or equivalent standard, you may be doing him a service by writing now or getting him to write stating age and education to the following address: Air Ministry (ILN14a), Adastral House, London, WC1.

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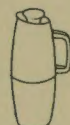
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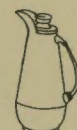
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1958.



HOMAGE TO THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS: THE QUEEN LAYING A WREATH AT THE CENOTAPH.

Homage was paid to the dead of the two World Wars in a service of remembrance at the Cenotaph on November 9, when her Majesty the Queen laid a wreath at the foot of the memorial. During the week-end, similar acts of remembrance were performed throughout the country. The ceremony in Whitehall began when detachments from all the services moved into position round the Cenotaph, which stood out vividly in the pale autumn sunshine. Soon afterwards, a gun was fired and London fell quiet

for the two minutes of silence and remembrance. At the end of the two minutes, R.A.F. trumpeters sounded the Last Post, and the Queen placed her wreath of poppies at the base of the Cenotaph, stepping back afterwards to pause with bowed head. Further wreaths were then laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Gloucester, the Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition, and a wreath was also laid on behalf of H.M. the Queen Mother. (Another photograph of the memorial ceremony appears on page 835.)

Postage—Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A HUNDRED years ago next summer, on June 24, 1859, was fought the terrible Battle of Solferino between French, Algerians and Piedmontese troops on the one side and the German, Croat, Hungarian and Slav forces of the multi-racial Austrian Empire on the other. Three hundred thousand troops took part and by the end of the day—a scorching hot one—more than 40,000 men lay dead or wounded on the field, while another 40,000 succumbed soon afterwards with disease or sickness directly or indirectly attributable to the rigours of that dreadful day. One result of the battle, which was a victory, though a Pyrrhic one, for the French Emperor, Napoleon III, and his Italian allies, was the liberation and unification of Italy and the creation of the Italian State. Yet there was another consequence which, to everyone except an Italian, and possibly to many Italians, too, was equally and even more important. For it so happened that, visiting the neighbourhood of Solferino at the time of the battle, was a young Swiss banker named Jean Henry Dunant, who was so moved to pity by the terrible scenes of suffering and misery it caused that he organised the people of Castiglione into voluntary bands to try to alleviate that suffering. His and their devoted efforts could do no more than make a minute impression on that vast sea of human torment. But the recollection of those days of horrified pity and suffering remained with him, and afterwards he embodied it in a little book or pamphlet called "A Memory of Solferino." Except for the Bible I doubt whether any book published in Europe since the invention of printing has had such far-reaching and beneficial effects as this short and moving work. For, translated into almost every European language, it led five years after the battle to the Convention of Geneva and the recognition by the principal European States of the Red Cross principle—an almost entirely original idea of immense germinative force. From it stems the International Committee of the Red Cross—the body that cuts across and transcends all national divisions in time of war—the League of Red Cross Societies, and the various National Red Cross Societies of the world, of which the British Red Cross Society is one.

Solferino, like the Crimea War five years before, was fought at a time when modern artillery and firearms had achieved, as a result of the Industrial Revolution and scientific discoveries, a killing and maiming power far more terrible and widespread than the simpler and more rustic weapons of the past. "Frightful disorder," wrote Dunant in his account of the battle, "was caused in the Austrian lines by the French grape shot which was effective at prodigious ranges. It covered the hills with dead and inflicted casualties even among the distant reserves of the German Army." Yet, as at Inkerman and Balaclava, men still fought at close quarters—"Austrians and Allies trampling each other underfoot, killing one another on piles of bleeding corpses, felling their enemies with their rifle-butts, crushing skulls, ripping bellies open with sabre and bayonet." Yet the battle came at a time when medical science had scarcely begun to match the rapid progress of destructive weapons, when the antiseptic treatment of wounds was in its infancy, and when professional nursing was still typified by Sairey Gamp and the rough male orderlies whose horrifying ministrations Florence Nightingale and her devoted band of volunteer ladies sought to supplement and replace in the stricken wards of Scutari. Dunant's account of the slaughter of Solferino—"a European catastrophe," as he called it—is followed by his description of the sufferings of the dying and wounded, lying untended and without dressings, food, or water in pools of their own blood.

The stillness of the night was broken by groans, by stifled sighs of anguish and suffering. Heartrending

voices kept calling for help. Who could ever describe the agonies of that fearful night?

When the sun rose on the twenty-fifth, it disclosed the most dreadful sights imaginable. Bodies of men and horses covered the battlefield; corpses were strewn over roads, ditches, ravines, thickets, and fields; the approaches of Solferino were literally thick with dead. . . . The poor wounded men that were being picked up all day long were ghastly pale and exhausted. Some, who had been the most badly hurt, had a stupefied look as though they could not grasp what was said to them; they stared at one out of haggard eyes, but their apparent prostration did not prevent them from feeling their pain. Others were anxious and excited by nervous strain and shaken by spasmodic trembling. Some, who had gaping wounds already beginning to show infection, were almost crazed with suffering. They begged to be put out of their misery, and writhed with faces distorted in the grip of the death-struggle. . . . Anyone crossing the vast theatre of the previous day's fighting could see at every step, in the midst of chaotic disorder, despair unspeakable, and misery of every kind."

But the most terrible of all Dunant's memories were of the improvised hospitals—if they could be



THE LATE CHAIRMAN OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.: MAJOR H. DAVENPORT PRICE, M.C., J.P., WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT HIS HOME ON NOVEMBER 8.

Major Hubert Davenport Price, the Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. (which is the parent company of The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.), died suddenly on November 8 at his home, Abbots Morton Manor, near Worcester. Born in 1890 and educated at Bromsgrove School, Major Davenport Price was a solicitor and the chairman of several companies, including Keliher, Hudson and Kearns, Ltd., and Sporting and Dramatic Publishing Co., Ltd., and director of a number of other companies.

called such—in the churches, houses and open streets of Castiglione, where for many days and nights he and a band of volunteers whom he had enlisted toiled, without any but the most elementary and inadequate medical supplies and equipment, to alleviate the vast flood of suffering that the battle had unloosed.

The crowding in Castiglione became something unspeakable. . . . Oh, the agony and suffering during those days, the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh of June! Wounds were infected by the heat and dust, by shortage of water and lack of proper care and grew more and more painful. Foul exhalations contaminated the air. . . . The convoys brought a fresh contingent of wounded men into Castiglione every quarter of an hour, and the shortage of assistants, orderlies, and helpers was cruelly felt. . . . Men of all nations lay side by side on the flagstone floors of the churches. . . . Frenchmen and Arabs, Germans and Slavs. Ranged for the time being close together inside the chapels, they no longer had the strength to move or if they had there was no room for them to do so. . . . With faces black with the flies that swarmed about their wounds, men gazed around them, wild-eyed and helpless. Others were no more than a worm-ridden, inextricable compound of coat and shirt and flesh and

blood. Many were shuddering at the thought of being devoured by the worms, which they thought they could see coming out of their bodies (whereas they really came from the myriads of flies which infested the air). . . . It was not a matter of amputations or operations of any kind. But food, and above all drink, had to be taken around to men dying of hunger and thirst; then their wounds could be dressed and their bleeding, muddy, vermin-covered bodies washed; all this in a scorching, filthy atmosphere in the midst of vile, nauseating odours, with lamentations and cries of anguish all around!

"The feeling one has of one's own inadequacy in such circumstances," Dunant wrote, "is unspeakable. It is distressing to realise that you can never do more than help those who are just before you—that you must keep waiting men who are calling out and begging you to come. When you start to go somewhere it is hours before you get there, for you are stopped by one begging for help, then by another, held up at every step by the crowd of poor wretches who press before and about you. . . . If these pages could bring up the question (or lead to its being developed and its urgency realised) of the help to be given to wounded soldiers in wartime, or of the first aid to be afforded them after an engagement—if they could attract the attention of the humane and philanthropically inclined. . . . I shall have fully attained my goal."

Dunant's vision, borne of his terrible memories, was for a canalisation and organisation of the instincts of human compassion and charity that would result, when similar catastrophes occurred, in the existence at the right time and place of the means of alleviating such suffering. "Would it not be possible," he wrote, "in time of peace and quiet, to form relief societies for the purpose of having care given to the wounded in wartime by zealous, devoted and thoroughly qualified volunteers? . . . Societies of this kind, once formed and their permanent existence assured. . . would be always organised and ready for the possibility of war. They would have not only to secure the goodwill of the authorities of the countries in which they had been formed, but also, in case of war, to solicit from the rulers of the belligerent states authorisation and facilities enabling them to do effective work." Seldom, if ever, can any human prayer of magnitude been so swiftly answered. Within a year of the publication of Dunant's little book an international conference was held in his native Geneva which resulted in the foundation of the forerunners of what were to become the National Red Cross Societies of the world. A year later—in 1864—sixteen European States formulated and subscribed to the Geneva Convention, whose terms, and those of succeeding Conventions, have governed the treatment of wounded and prisoners in time of war and the neutrality and protection of those who minister to their wants. Out of this has grown the immense volume of trained and highly-organised voluntary work which the National Red Cross Societies of the world to-day perform in peace and war alike; in our own country alone, between the years 1939 and 1945, £64,400,000 was subscribed by the public to finance the humanitarian activities of the War Organisation of the British Red Cross Societies and Order of St. John. So it came about that, through the vision largely of one man, the series of terrible wars, which between 1854 and 1871 shattered the long nineteenth-century peace of Europe and America, resulted in an institution, transcending national frontiers and enmities, which was to alleviate and render bearable the far more terrible wars of the twentieth century. It is almost impossible to conceive the extent of unrelieved human suffering—and the hatred and bitterness engendered by it—which the combination of modern nationalistic war and modern science would have imposed on mankind but for Dunant's timely vision.

\* "A Memory of Solferino." By J. Henry Dunant. Cassell and Co. (for the British Red Cross Society), pp. 21-22.





REMEMBRANCE DAY: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY AT THE CENOTAPH—THE FOCAL POINT OF THE NATION'S HOMAGE—ON NOVEMBER 9, WHEN THE DEAD OF BOTH WORLD WARS WERE HONOURED.

After the Queen had laid a wreath at the foot of the Cenotaph during the memorial ceremony on November 9, there followed a short service, conducted by the Bishop of London, Dr. Montgomery Campbell, which began with the singing of the hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." After the service, buglers of the Royal Marines sounded Reveille, and following the playing of the National Anthem, the final part of the ceremony—the march-past of ex-Servicemen and women—took place. At Westminster Abbey, representatives of the Services, of Commonwealth Governments, and of the British

Legion and R.A.F. Association, were present for a memorial service conducted by the Dean, Dr. Don. During the ceremony, a procession walked solemnly down to the grave of the Unknown Warrior, where four tall candles burned at each corner. On the previous evening, the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were among the 7000 who attended the annual British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall. (Another photograph of the Cenotaph memorial ceremony appears on the front page of this issue.)



# THE MURDER OF BRITISH CIVILIANS IN CYPRUS: A NEW EOKA DEVELOPMENT AND BRITISH REACTIONS.



MR. WILLIAM JAMIESON, A FIFTY-YEAR-OLD SCOTSMAN WHO WAS KILLED IN THE KYRENIA MOUNTAINS OF CYPRUS ON NOVEMBER 1 WHEN HIS MISSIONARY VAN HIT A TERRORIST MINE.



MR. ANTHONY BENSON, ANOTHER BRITISH CIVILIAN MURDERED IN CYPRUS. HE WAS A BANK OFFICIAL AND WAS SHOT DEAD IN NICOSIA BY AN EOKA TERRORIST ON NOV. 8.



A THIRD BRITON MURDERED IN CYPRUS: SEVENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD MR. CHARLES WOOD, KILLED NEAR GOVERNMENT HOUSE. HE HAD LIVED IN CYPRUS FOR 30 YEARS.



THE FUNERAL OF MR. CHARLES WOOD. IN THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE IS MR. A. R. SPINNEY, WHO FOUNDED THE BRITISH RESIDENTS' ASSOCIATION IN 1955 TO PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS.



A SCENE DURING A SUDDEN CORDON AND SEARCH BY SOLDIERS OF THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT IN THE "MURDER MILE" AREA OF NICOSIA RECENTLY.



SOLDIERS STAND ON A ROOFTOP IN NICOSIA OVERLOOKING THE MAZE OF NARROW STREETS IN THE CENTRE OF THAT CITY AND KEEP ALERT FOR SIGNS OF TERRORIST ACTIVITY.

M.P.s of all political parties have, like the British public in general, become increasingly concerned over the new wave of violence which has been reaching a crescendo in Cyprus during recent weeks, and concerned more particularly over the EOKA bandits' latest weapon of terror: the brutal killing of harmless and unarmed civilians. On Saturday of last week Major-General Kenneth Darling announced that all civilians would be permitted to carry arms. On the following morning there was an unprecedented gathering of about 400 British civilians at Nicosia's main barracks, where they met the body responsible for local security arrangements and discussed practical steps to counter the threat from EOKA

MAJOR-GENERAL KENNETH DARLING, DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS IN CYPRUS, WHO NOW PERMITS CIVILIANS TO CARRY ARMS.

gunmen; a threat which had, during the preceding week, led to the murder of four civilians. Throughout the week-end Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, conferred with his senior security advisers over new and drastic measures to counter EOKA. Sir Hugh also made a warning broadcast to all British residents. He told them: "You are all in the front line." Several back-bench Conservative M.P.s have put down questions to be answered by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, on November 12. Notable among these questions is that of Mr. Rupert Speir, M.P., who is expected to ask if a full military government in Cyprus is not now desirable.



## DONALD CAMPBELL BREAKING THE WORLD WATER SPEED RECORD.



(Above.) DONALD CAMPBELL STREAKING OVER THE MEASURED KILOMETRE ON LAKE CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, ON NOVEMBER 10, IN HIS JETBOAT *BLUEBIRD*, IN WHICH HE ACHIEVED AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 248.62 MILES AN HOUR.

(Right.) DONALD CAMPBELL SMILING SHORTLY BEFORE HE PREPARED TO TAKE HIS JETBOAT *BLUEBIRD* FOR A RUN ON LAKE CONISTON WHICH, SUBJECT TO OFFICIAL CONFIRMATION, CONSTITUTES A NEW RECORD.

MR. DONALD CAMPBELL, who established on November 7 of last year a world water speed record of 239.07 miles per hour, almost exactly one year later beat his own record and succeeded in reaching an average speed of 248.62 m.p.h. After this event, it was said that Mr. Campbell might in the ensuing days attempt once again to beat his own record. After his record-beating success, Mr. Campbell said: "This is not an individual achievement. It is a British achievement. We can now control the boat in conditions of water which were previously thought impossible." He added that he

[Continued opposite.



Continued.] thought that he and his colleagues had made progress on the question of stability and hoped that they now had the information to make the next step. Campbell, who had earlier made a trial run, broke the record with only about nine minutes to spare because international rules lay it down that, in order to count for a record attempt, the double runs must be made within one hour. Mr. Campbell was singularly fortunate in his record bid of November 10: quite soon after his record attempt, a strong breeze sprang up, making conditions impossible for record runs. In rather more than three years, Mr. Campbell has previously broken the record in his celebrated jetboat *Bluebird* four times. In July 1955 he reached 202 m.p.h. In November of the same year he touched 216 m.p.h. In September 1956 he averaged just over 225 m.p.h., and in November 1957 he reached 239.07 m.p.h.



THE sudden return of Colonel Aref to Baghdad and his arrest on arrival obviously marks another round in the conflict between him and the Prime Minister of Iraq, Brigadier Kassem. The precise significance of the affair is, however, more complex than their rivalry. It would seem to extend beyond even their known political divergences. For instance, where and how does the Egyptian dictator come into the business? On the face of it, Aref would appear to be Nasser's man, the leader of those elements seeking immediate absorption of Iraq in the United Arab Republic. Yet hints that Nasser considers Aref imprudent and, for the time being, is weary of his posturings have not been lacking. Indeed, the possibility that Nasser's entourage may have tipped the Iraqi Government the wink about Aref's activities cannot be dismissed out of hand.

The history of Aref over the past four months is remarkable. He was perhaps the most prominent figure in the revolution. Without him Brigadier Kassem could hardly have brought it off. The active and brilliant lieutenant was at once promoted to the highest offices available: Deputy Prime Minister and Deputy Commander-in-Chief. The wisest observers thought it likely that Kassem was cast for the rôle of Neguib and that Aref was the Iraqi Nasser in embryo. Aref may well have thought so, too. Yet amid many obscurities it seems safe to regard one feature as

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. AFTERMATH OF THE REVOLUTION IN IRAQ.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

nationalism. Not long ago it seemed to be on top of the world, but recent events in Lebanon and Jordan amount to at least a temporary setback from its point of view. In Syria, leaders of the Ba'ath appear to have been annoyed that Aref was not receiving more active support from Egypt. By the time this comment appears the attitude of Egypt to the latest developments will be clearer.

Aref is impetuous as well as obstinate. We need not assume that he hoped to bring off a *coup d'état* on his return last week. He might hope that this would come later, but hardly that it could be achieved at once by an ex-officer landing alone on an airfield after failing to assume diplomatic duties of the highest order which he had accepted. No, the deduction to be made is rather that he did not think the Government would dare to arrest him as, in fact, it promptly did. And, if I am right in this supposition, then his confidence was founded on the belief that the prestige won in the revolution had made him so many friends in the Army that Kassem would not

conceivably be because he is learning statesmanship, but it may also mean that he will have more breath to blow upon flames later on. One may say that Kassem's future is a bit doubtful, even while wishing him good fortune.

He must know that he faces dangers even greater than those which beset most leaders of bloody revolutions. The still young State of Iraq has, in intervals of peaceful advance in wealth and civilisation, already established a grisly record of political assassination. My memory harks back to Ja'far, the bulky, able, and amiable soldier who trained the Senussi to fight us—and coached me on the subject when I was at work on the official history of that war—and later became the companion in arms of Nuri and T. E. Lawrence. Ja'far and Nuri both became Prime Ministers of Iraq and both were assassinated. Kassem, however, "knows the form," and he may well become a more outstanding figure in the history of Iraq than either of these luckless predecessors.

Colonel Nasser has accomplished a great deal for the cause of Arab unity, but so far he has also done much to retard it. His personal ambition and obvious efforts to bring the oil-producing states under Egyptian control have led him into the orbit of Soviet Russia, in which he does not feel himself at home. Many observers

### A NEW DRILL FOR THE NEW GREEN JACKETS BRIGADE.



THE NEW DRILL DEMONSTRATED BEFORE THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: RECRUITS OF THE NEWLY-FORMED GREEN JACKETS BRIGADE MARCHING PAST IN DOUBLE TIME WITH THEIR RIFLES AT THE HIGH PORT.

During his visit to the newly-formed Green Jackets Brigade at their Winchester dépôt, on November 6, the Duke of Gloucester saw a demonstration of a new type of arms drill, which included a march-past in double time with rifles carried at the high port, instead of at the trail. Our readers are no doubt familiar with this type of drill through the photographs

we have published in the past of parades in the Soviet Union. The Green Jackets Brigade is formed by three regiments: The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, and the Rifle Brigade. Each had its distinctive drill, and the new drill has been necessitated by the linking of the three regiments for training purposes.

fixed: that the main cause of their differences was the United Arab Republic. Aref wanted Iraq to join it; Kassem did not, at all events not yet.

It was certainly owing to his obstinacy in this matter, and perhaps also to the likelihood that this obstinacy would be reinforced by arms, that after two months Aref was deprived of his military appointment. Then, at the end of September, came the announcement that he had been appointed Ambassador to the Federal German Republic. Immediately there appeared a crop of stories to the effect that he had been contemplating the overthrow of the Iraqi Government. They were strongly denied by the Government. I confess to having felt instinctively at the time that there must have been something in them. Aref did not leave Baghdad until October 12, and then not to take up his duties but to make a tour by air. His flights must have been very expensive.

Like many other officers in the armies of the Arab States, Aref is very much a political soldier, a left-winger, though not a Communist. His sympathies lie with the Ba'athist party, which forms the strongest link between the majority of these States. It may be described as a blend of extreme Socialism and the most ardent Arab

venture to lay hands on him. It is the opinion of the Army that counts.

The Prime Minister could have acted as he did only if he considered that his hold on the Army was secure. The announcement of an increase of pay was proof of the importance of the Army in political affairs. Did it also indicate a slight anxiety in the breast of Brigadier Kassem? Was it only to make assurance doubly sure? The situation of Brigadier Kassem is in any case not without its perils and perplexities. It is all very well to say that Iraq desires "to preserve her independence." This is the view of Kassem and his colleagues, whose policy has constantly been guided by that healthy principle. No absolute certainty can, however, be established that it represents the view of the majority, still less will it remain so if outside pressure should be brought to bear.

On November 5 Baghdad demonstrated in favour of the Government and against the newly-arrived visitor. Brigadier Kassem has surmounted one crisis, but he cannot be sure that trouble is at an end. The material is so inflammable that if an Egyptian or U.A.R. torch were to be waved once more, it would surely set something alight. If Nasser is taking breath just now, that may

thought last July that Iraq, too, would immediately become a satellite. It is proving resistant to the magnet. Four months is, however, too short a period to take as a reliable guide to the future. We cannot even prophesy with confidence how the policy of Brigadier Kassem will develop, still less how far he will find himself in a position to exercise and maintain his chosen policy.

The Arab world has been in turmoil, always below the surface and most often above it, too, at least since June 1916, when the old Sherif Hussein, great-grandfather of King Hussein of Jordan, raised the standard of revolt in the Hejaz. Vast changes have taken place since then. The Middle East is an unlucky theatre for the dealer in forecasts, but it seems safe enough to foresee a further growth in power and influence for the Arab peoples. Yet the process is not likely to be rapid. Arab unity, strength and welfare have been hampered by the force of the elements of fission which have time and time again offset those of fusion, to an even greater extent than is common elsewhere. The future, however, promises a great Arab world. It will be interesting to see whether the present Prime Minister of Iraq proves to be made of the stuff which will enable him to give strong impetus to this movement.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



KING HUSSEIN SEEN AT AMMAN AIRPORT, JORDAN, ON NOVEMBER 10 SHORTLY BEFORE HE EMBARKED ON THE FLIGHT WHICH MIGHT HAVE ENDED FATALLY.



AFTER HIS RETURN TO AMMAN: KING HUSSEIN DESCRIBING HIS EXPERIENCE TO SIGNOR SPINELLI, MR. CHARLES JOHNSTON, BRITISH AMBASSADOR, AND MR. RIFAI, JORDAN PRIME MINISTER.

### KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN: A NARROW ESCAPE AFTER HIS AIRCRAFT IS ATTACKED.

That courageous young man, King Hussein of Jordan, returned to his capital, Amman, on November 10 after the aircraft which he was co-piloting was attacked by Syrian MIG jet fighters over Syria one hour after it took-off. King Hussein was at the start of a European holiday. When he was nearing Damascus, Syria, the control tower of the airport in that city ordered the captain of the King's aircraft to land. The King and his captain and co-pilot, Jock Dagleish, decided not to land but to return to Amman. They dived

through clouds until they were flying only a few feet above the ground and it was then that the Syrian fighters attacked the King's aircraft in an attempt to force it down. But the King and Mr. Dagleish, a former R.A.F. officer, managed to escape from the fighters. After his return to Amman after an almost miraculous escape, King Hussein made a broadcast in which he said that he had cancelled his holiday. Cabinet Ministers and officials from the Royal Palace met the King on his safe return.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A. CLEARING AN OBSTACLE AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW: SNOW MAN, A GREY GELDING, SAVED FROM THE KNACKER'S YARD TWO YEARS AGO. Competing in the Open Jumping Championship in the National Horse Show in New York on November 6 and then a favourite for it, was *Snow Man*, a gelding bought for 80 dollars two years ago by Mr. H. de Leyer at an auction of horses for slaughtering.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. A FACE-LIFT FOR THE CAPITOL: THE SCENE OF ACTIVITY AS WORKMEN WERE ENGAGED ON THE REMOVAL OF THE COLUMNS OF THE EAST FRONT. With the intention of providing more space in the Capitol, the east front of the building is being moved forward 32½ ft. and this has necessitated the moving of the columns. The project is stated to cost over 10,000,000 dollars and the work should be completed early in 1961.



ARCTIC OCEAN. THE TINY ICE-FLOE CALLED "DRIFTING STATION A" ON WHICH TWENTY-ONE AMERICAN I.G.Y. SCIENTISTS WERE MAROONED FOR FIVE DAYS. On November 2 in a storm north of Alaska this ice-floe split and the scientists' camp was separated from the airstrip. On November 7 a ski-equipped aircraft from the U.S. Base at Thule, Greenland, rescued the whole party and took them to Newfoundland.



NORWAY. SKI-ING ON PLASTIC—EVEN IN SUMMER: A NORWEGIAN SKIER, TESTING A NEW DEVICE, BASED ON PLASTIC SHEETING LAID OVER STRAW, TO PRODUCE AN ALL-SEASONS SKI-JUMP NEAR OSLO.



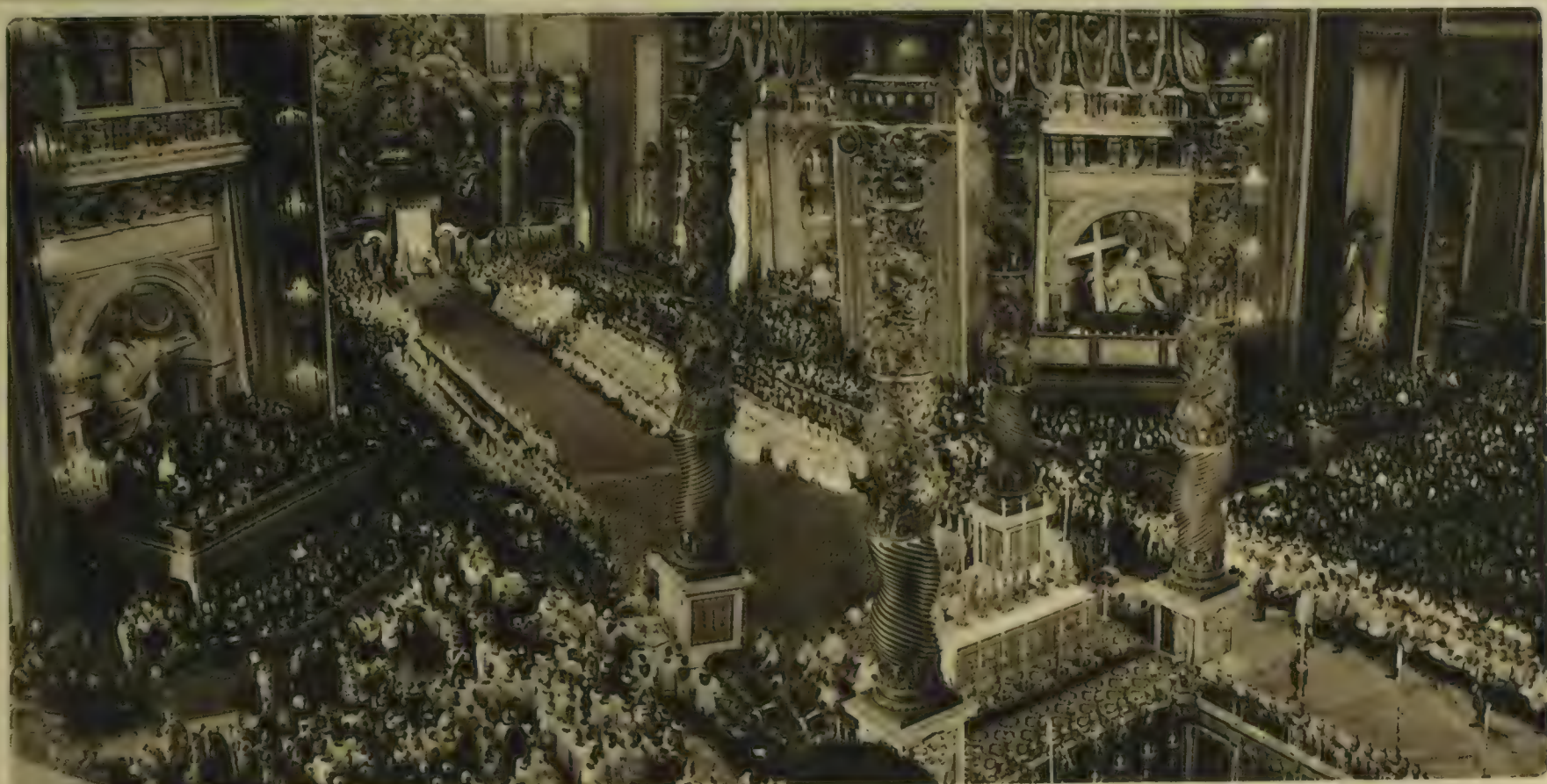
UNITED STATES. FINGERPRINTING ON PLASTIC—A TECHNIQUE DEVELOPED BY THE U.S. ARMY QUARTERMASTER CORPS. BY THIS METHOD, SPRAYING THE FINGER WITH A LIQUID NYLON COMPOUND, AN EXACT, SMUDGEPROOF AND PERMANENT RECORD IS OBTAINED.



PEREDELKINO, RUSSIA. THE AUTHOR OF "DR. ZHIVAGO," MR. BORIS PASTERNAK, WHO HAS DECLINED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE; WITH HIS WIFE. After his decision not to accept the Nobel Prize for Literature and after the demand by the Moscow Writers' Union that he should be deprived of citizenship, Mr. Pasternak's letter to Mr. Khrushchev was published on November 2 asking to be allowed to stay in Russia. Mr. Pasternak is understood to be ill with a heart condition and resting at home in the country at Peredelkino.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PORTION OF ST. PETER'S BASILICA, IN THE VATICAN CITY, DURING THE CORONATION OF POPE JOHN XXIII ON NOVEMBER 4.



THE HUGE CROWD, ESTIMATED AT A QUARTER OF A MILLION PEOPLE, WHO GATHERED IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE TO AWAIT THE CORONATION OF THE POPE ON THE BALCONY.



RELATIVES OF THE POPE WATCH FROM SPECIAL SEATS AS HE ARRIVES FOR HIS CORONATION. (L. TO R.) HIS NEPHEW, DON GIOVANNI RONCALLI, WITH OPEN PRAYER BOOK; HIS NIECE, SISTER ANGELA RONCALLI; HIS SISTER, ASSUNTA RONCALLI, AND HIS BROTHERS, ALFREDO, ZAVERIO AND GIUSEPPE.

#### THE VATICAN CITY: MORE MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE POPE'S CORONATION.

These fine photographs of the Coronation ceremonies of Pope John XXIII were not available when we went to Press with our last issue. We therefore take the opportunity of publishing them now. The Pope was crowned exactly a week after his election on the central balcony of St. Peter's, which is seen in the middle photograph above. Only a few hours after his Coronation, the Pope wept when he addressed 8000 pilgrims from his home district. He said: "You can understand my feelings.

I hear so many voices within saying: 'You will never see Venice again. You will never see your birthplace again.' But what could I do? The will of God, expressed by the cardinals, was clearly manifested." Twenty-nine relatives of the Pope, some of whom are shown in the bottom picture of this page, were brought to Rome from their village by special railway coach. In London, on the "glad day" of the Coronation, Pontifical High Mass was sung at Westminster Cathedral.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



**JOHANNESBURG, S. AFRICA.** DURING THE TRIAL OF 133 AFRICAN WOMEN ACCUSED OF DISTURBING THE PEACE: A DEMONSTRATION BY AFRICANS OUTSIDE THE COURTHOUSE.

One hundred and thirty-three African women were tried in Johannesburg at the beginning of this month on charges of causing obstruction at the pass office on October 22. During the trial there were demonstrations outside the courthouse. All 133 women were convicted and each was fined £3 (or one month).



**NORTH KOREA.** THE THIRD AND FINAL PHASE OF THE WITHDRAWAL OF CHINESE COMMUNIST "VOLUNTEER" TROOPS: NORTH KOREANS WATCHING A TRAIN LEAVING.

North Koreans crowded a station platform at Pyonyang recently, and under a shower of paper streamers watched a train carrying Chinese Communist "volunteers" leave for the frontier. The final phase of the withdrawal of the remaining 70,000 troops from North Korea began last month.



**BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.** DURING THE SERIOUS FIRE AT THE NEW AIRPORT ON NOVEMBER 4: FIREMEN TACKLING THE BLAZE IN THE ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING.



**LOUISIANA, U.S.A.** AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE UNION DOME AT BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, WHICH IS THE LARGEST CIRCULAR BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

This dome is large enough to enclose a football field. It has a diameter of 384 ft. across its base and is 120 ft. high. It houses car repair and maintenance facilities for the Union Tank Car Company of Chicago. The Dome is made of 321 steel panels.



**BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.** DURING THE FIRE AT THE AIRPORT: THE HELICOPTER WHICH SAVED TWO PEOPLE FROM THE ROOF HOVERING ABOVE THE BUILDING. The main building was burnt out, and damage estimated at £1,400,000 was caused, when fire swept through the new Brussels international airport, 10 miles from the city centre. The outbreak was caused by the explosion of a petrol lamp, being used on repair work. A helicopter assisted in the rescue operations.



# IN LONDON, CAMBRIDGE, AND KENT: SOME RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



AT WYE COLLEGE, NEAR ASHFORD, KENT: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHING A STUDENT AT WORK.

(Right.)  
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (IN LIGHT COAT, BACK TO CAMERA) ON A HAYCART DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO WYE COLLEGE.

On Nov. 5 the Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to Wye College, an agricultural teaching centre of London University. An attempt by the students to drive the Duke into the College on a haycart was foiled, but the Royal visitor later consented to make part of his tour on the cart. The Duke of Edinburgh was entertained at luncheon by the Principal and Members of the College in the College Hall.



AT THE EXHIBITION OF GOODS MADE BY DISABLED EX-SERVICEMEN: THE QUEEN EXAMINES AN ELECTRIC BLANKET. The Exhibition and Sale of Work of goods made by war-disabled ex-Servicemen, held at the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, Brompton Road, London, was visited by the Queen on Nov. 4. Her Majesty made a number of purchases, including a wasp-killing device.



THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, LOOKING AT A PAINTING OF QUEEN VICTORIA AS A YOUNG GIRL IN THE WILKIE EXHIBITION. The Queen visited the exhibition of paintings and drawings by Sir David Wilkie at the Royal Academy Diploma Gallery on Nov. 6. Her Majesty lent a number of Wilkie's works from the Royal collection for the exhibition, the painting above being one of those lent by H.M. the Queen Mother.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT EXAMINING JARS OF HONEY AT THE WAR-DISABLED EX-SERVICEMEN'S EXHIBITION IN BROMPTON ROAD, WHICH SHE VISITED, WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, ON NOVEMBER 5.



AFTER THE ROYAL VARIETY PERFORMANCE AT THE COLISEUM: THE QUEEN CHATTING TO THE AMERICAN SINGER, MISS EARTHA KITT.

This year's successful Royal Variety Performance was held at the London Coliseum on November 3. Among the other performers in the photograph are the Television comedian, Charlie Drake (right), and Antonio, the Spanish dancer (fourth from right).



PRINCESS MARGARET, WITH LORD ADRIAN, IN CAMBRIDGE WHEN SHE OPENED NEW CHEMICAL LABORATORIES.

Princess Margaret inaugurated new university chemical laboratories—described as the largest of their kind in Europe—at Cambridge on November 6. During her visit, Princess Margaret received the honorary degree of Doctor of Law.



## NAVAL OCCASIONS.

"NELSON'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE AND OTHER DOCUMENTS, 1785-1831," EDITED By GEORGE P. B. NAISH;  
AND "THE VERNON PAPERS," EDITED By B. McL. RANFT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE publications of the Navy Records Society are always a delight to see, to handle, and to read, and these two volumes are assuredly no exception. The one relating to Nelson has made its appearance at a peculiarly appropriate moment when public attention is being directed towards him to a greater extent than usual as the present year marks the bi-centenary of his birth.

This book is primarily concerned with him as a man and as a husband, not as the greatest of English sailors, and it must be said at once that we see him in no favourable light. His story is the not unfamiliar one of the young man—he was twenty-eight when he married—who wedded a wife to whom at the time of his marriage he was ideally suited, but as he rose in the world she did not rise with him; she was simple in her tastes, and if she shared his ambitions she had no great love for ostentation, to which he became increasingly devoted, so she was little inclined to take him at his own valuation; then came into his life another woman who flattered him to the top of his bent, and his marriage was soon on the rocks. That was the story, and the virtues and defects of Nelson's stepson, his wife's child by a former husband, had really very little to do with the matter, in spite of what has been written to the contrary.

Nelson had an irresistible desire to impress; indeed, if this had not been his weakness he would not have made himself so conspicuous a figure at Trafalgar, and his life might have been saved. On the only occasion that he met Wellington "he entered at once into conversation with me," the Iron Duke wrote, "if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side, and all about himself; and in, really, a style so vain and silly as to surprise and almost disgust me." As soon, however, as he discovered that he was talking to the victor of Assaye, who was unlikely to be impressed with boasting, he changed his tune, and "talked like an officer and a statesman." That was typical of Nelson; he was a good deal too vainglorious for ordinary domestic life, and Mr. Naish sums up the position very well when he says, "Nelson's professional reputation, it is true to say, was very much the concern of Lady Hamilton, who fostered it in her fashion. If Lady Nelson can be said to have failed her husband in any way it was in being unable to recognise and flatter him as a great man." Men are rarely heroes to their valets or to their wives, whatever they may be to other men's wives.

The truth is that in his desire to attract attention Nelson was capable of almost any gaffe. On one occasion he appeared at a *levée* at St. James's Palace covered with the insignia of foreign orders which he had not received Royal permission to wear, so it was hardly surprising that George III should have received him coldly, merely enquired after his health, and without waiting for an answer turned his back on him.

Yet there can be no doubt of Nelson's earlier devotion to his wife, and it was unweakened as late as 1798, for in that year Lady Spencer, whose husband was then First Lord of the Admiralty, entertained them both to dinner, and subsequently left on record, "His attentions to her were those of a lover. He handed her to dinner, and sat by her; apologising to me, by saying he was so little

with her, that he would not, voluntarily, lose an instant of her society."

Not very long after this, however, they began to drift apart as Nelson's enslavement to Lady Hamilton proceeded apace. On April, 19, 1799, Lord Keith was writing to his sister of "the Queen (i.e., of Naples), Lady Hamilton, General Acton, and Lord Nelson cutting the most absurd figure possible for folly and vanity"; while in

September of the same year Nelson himself wrote to his wife, "My time is so fully occupied that I never set foot out of the writing room, except now and then in an evening with Sir William and Lady Hamilton to the palace." This letter must have given its recipient furiously to think.

From then matters went from bad to worse; as Mr. Naish puts it, "Originally the niece of the President of Nevis had been the social superior, but now Nelson, who had hobnobbed with royalty, had little in common with an English gentlewoman who found the company in the Pump Room at Bath exciting." In January 1801, Horatia, daughter of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, was born, and there can be little doubt that this was the immediate cause of the final rupture.

If there is nothing in these pages to detract from Nelson's greatness as a sailor, there is equally nothing to enhance his reputation as a man.

Admiral Vernon was a very different person altogether. He was a sailor of note, it is true, but in a period, that is to say during the fourth and fifth decades of the eighteenth century, when the British Navy, like the British Army, was woefully deficient in first-class men at the top. Mr. Ranft is inclined to the view that Vernon rose to fame on his own merits, and not on account of his political opinions; this may have been the case, but it cannot disguise the fact that admirals of ability were in very short supply, and that he was a violent Whig partisan at a time when all patronage was in the hands of the Whigs.

His name will always be associated with the capture of Porto Bello, which was in reality a minor affair magnified into a major operation for party reasons, and with his failure at Cartagena, which has been immortalised by Smollett in "Roderick Random." During the Forty-Five he commanded the fleet in the Channel and the North Sea, and in this capacity he prevented much-needed reinforcements from reaching the Jacobite forces in Scotland. This was an extremely useful service, and one that well accorded with Vernon's political principles, but to claim, as

some recent writers have done, that even had Charles Edward reached London his triumph would have been nullified by Vernon's command of the narrow seas is to stretch the evidence too far, for with the government in Stuart hands from what harbours would the Whig admiral have operated?

Vernon was probably right in believing that the sailors of his day were drinking too much, though it is difficult not to feel a good deal of sympathy both for them and for their comrades in the Army in view of the example set by their officers, and of the fact that no amenities of any sort were provided for them. However this may be, Vernon took a serious view of the matter, and in August 1740, he sent an Order to his Captains on the subject:

Whereas the swinish vice of drunkenness is but too visibly increasing in our mariners in his Majesty's Service, attended with the most fatal effects both to their morals and their health . . . it is of the utmost consequence both for his Majesty's Service, and the preservation of their morals and lives, that some remedy should be provided against so growing an evil and of such dangerous consequence both to their souls and bodies. And you are hereby required and directed to consult with your Surgeon, and to make me a return in writing severally under your hand and his, how you think so growing an evil may most effectually be remedy'd, it being as I apprehend greatly for His Majesty's Service as well as for the preservation of the men's morals and health that some speedy remedy should be apply'd to cure so dangerous and growing an evil.

As a result of the reports that reached him Vernon ordered that the half pint of rum issued each day should be diluted with a quarter of a pint of water, "and when so mixed it is to be served . . . in two servings in the day, the one between the hours of 10 and 12 in the morning, and the other between 4 and 6 in the afternoon." Such was the origin of grog, so-called from "Old Grog," a nickname for Vernon because of the program cloak which it was his habit to wear.

It was indeed an irony of fate that so zealous a partisan as Vernon should have finished his career by having his name struck out of the list of Flag Officers for having written two pamphlets in which he criticised the Admiralty. That was in 1746, and he had another eleven years of life before him in which to reflect upon the dangers attendant on the interference of senior officers in political matters.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 866 of this issue.



THE EDITOR OF ONE OF THE TWO BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. GEORGE NAISH.

Mr. George Naish, who is forty-nine, is the editor of "Nelson's Letters to His Wife." He was educated at St. Edward's School, Oxford, and University College, Southampton. He joined the National Maritime Museum staff in 1935 and has been in charge of the Department of Ship Models ever since. He is honorary secretary of the Society for Nautical Research. The editor of "The Vernon Papers," the other book reviewed on this page, is Mr. Bryan Ranft, whose photograph is not available. Aged forty, he was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. He is interested in youth work and is Principal Lecturer in History, Royal Naval College, Greenwich.



A MINIATURE PORTRAIT IN WATER-COLOUR OF LADY NELSON, PAINTED BY DANIEL ORME IN 1798, WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT FORTY.



A STIPPLE ENGRAVING OF LADY HAMILTON, DRAWN, ENGRAVED AND PUBLISHED BY THOMAS CHEESMAN, LONDON, FEB. 10, 1797. Illustrations from the book "Nelson's Letters to His Wife and Other Documents, 1785-1831"; reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum.

\* "Nelson's Letters to His Wife and Other Documents, 1785-1831," edited by George P. B. Naish; and "The Vernon Papers," edited by B. McL. Ranft. Both volumes illustrated and printed for the Navy Records Society.





AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE AMERICAN NAVY'S NEW CLASS OF GUIDED MISSILE SUBMARINE, THE SSB FBM, SCHEDULED FOR CONSTRUCTION DURING NEXT YEAR'S SHIPBUILDING PROGRAMME.



THE PROTECTIVE UMBRELLA OVER AIRCRAFT CARRIERS IN THE FUTURE MAY BE PROVIDED BY *TERRIER* AND *TALOS* MISSILES FROM NUCLEAR CRUISERS, AS VISUALISED ABOVE.

#### THE NUCLEAR NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES : A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF SHIPS OF OUTSTANDING INGENUITY.

The American Navy is undergoing a period of great change : greater, perhaps, than the change from sail to steam. This is because the age of nuclear power and nuclear missiles will be, if the thinking of the U.S. Navy is correct, an age when sea power is more important than ever before. Two examples of this new thinking may be seen above. In the picture on the top half of the page, a fleet ballistic missile is seen just after it has been fired from a

submarine, the construction of which is scheduled to start in 1959. The missile is being fired while the submarine is poised between sea surface and bottom, while wings steady the ship. The submarine can also surface to fire, or even fire while resting on the sea bottom. The drawing below is of a nuclear cruiser, and the first of its class, the *Long Beach*, is due in 1961. In addition to its surface-to-air missiles, it will carry *Regulus II* missiles against ships.

Official U.S. Navy photographs supplied by Mr. Gardner Soule, New York City.





A FLOATING HOME FOR THE NEW F4M SKYMASTER: SEAPLANES SHOWN DOCKING ALONGSIDE OR FLOATING INTO A TYPE OF TENDER NOW UNDER CONSIDERATION.



A HELICOPTER CARRIER PROJECTED FOR USE IN AMPHIBIOUS LANDINGS. THE PLAN IS TO LAND TROOPS IN HELICOPTERS FAR BEHIND EXPOSED ENEMY BEACHES.

### AN EXCITING PREVIEW OF NEW SHIPS OF THE AMERICAN NAVY WHICH WILL

The chief reason why American military experts attach such enormous importance to current developments in the U.S. Navy is simply that the new nuclear-powered and armed ships will be able to do so many more jobs than previous ships could. Nuclear engines will permit many types of ships to stay at sea for enormously long periods, rendering overseas bases largely unnecessary. For example, the U.S.S. *Enterprise*, shown at the top of the

right-hand page above, will, it is estimated, be able to remain at sea for two years without refuelling and will rarely need to return to base. Nuclear ships can, in addition, steam at high speeds for long periods without having to worry about running out of fuel. They can attack at any time. With long-range missiles, ships of several types can bombard any military or industrial target on earth. High-speed, high-performance, long-range naval

Official U.S. Navy photographs supplied



THE BIGGEST WEAPON IN THE AMERICAN NAVY: THE NUCLEAR ATTACK AIRCRAFT CARRIER *ENTERPRISE*, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION. SHE WILL HAVE A 40-KNOT SPEED.



TO ATTACK ENEMY BEACHES: AN AMPHIBIOUS DOCK SHIP DESIGNED TO ENABLE THE U.S. MARINE CORPS TO LAND TROOPS AND TANKS WITHOUT A PAUSE.

### USE ATOMIC POWER AND MISSILES TO GIVE UNPRECEDENTED NAVAL POTENTIAL.

aircraft can also reach any target to deliver nuclear bombs. Nuclear submarines can cruise any ocean indefinitely. It may be remembered in this connection that the *Nautilus* travelled 60,000 miles on her first supply of fuel. They can remain submerged and hidden for months and can themselves deliver atomic missiles to any area. And the nuclear Navy will be able to land with great speed an army of several thousand men to put an end to any

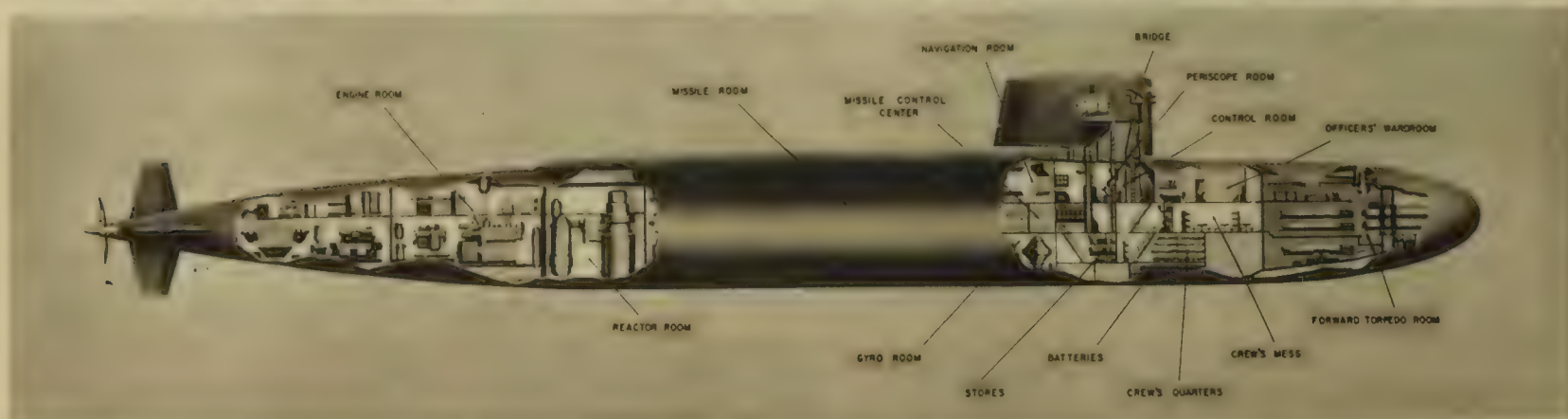
by Mr. Gardner Soule, New York City.

small-scale wars which might break out. To do its nuclear-and-missile age jobs efficiently, the U.S. Navy has planned the ships shown in these four pages of *The Illustrated London News*. Not many ships will be built at the same time, owing to the exceptionally heavy cost, but at least one of each type shown in the drawings on these pages is due to join the American Fleet between 1959 and 1961.





THIS WILL BE THE SMALLEST NUCLEAR SURFACE WARSHIP: THE GUIDED MISSILE FRIGATE. MISSILE LAUNCHERS WILL REPLACE GUNS BOTH FORE AND AFT.



THIS CUTAWAY DRAWING SHOWS AS MUCH AS THE AMERICAN NAVY WILL REVEAL OF A NEW 380-FT.-LONG, 5600-TON SUBMARINE WHICH WILL CARRY THE *POLARIS* MISSILE.



A NEWLY-DESIGNED ATTACK TRANSPORT. IT CARRIES TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT AND WILL SERVE ADMIRABLY AS A HEADQUARTERS FOR AMPHIBIOUS COMMANDS.

#### FROM FRIGATE TO TRANSPORT: THREE MORE EXAMPLES OF AMERICA'S PROPOSED NUCLEAR NAVY.

The top drawing above shows a guided missile frigate which is scheduled as part of the American Navy's 1959 building programme. The use of nuclear propulsion will give it immense tactical flexibility at high speeds. At present, the frigate is the smallest nuclear warship to be built; but naval experts believe that further research may allow even smaller ships to use nuclear power plants. The cutaway drawing in the centre of the page

shows the tremendous new submarine which is designed to carry the *Polaris* missile when that missile is available. The submarine is already under construction at Groton, Connecticut. The Attack Transport in the bottom drawing has, as may be seen, a helicopter platform at its stern. The cost of the Transport will be relatively quite small, because it is to be converted from the already existing *Mariner*-type merchant ship hull.

Official U.S. Navy photographs supplied by Mr. Gardner Soule, New York City.





CLARE COLLEGE AND KING'S COLLEGE SEEN FROM THE BACKS. THE BACKS IS THE TRADITIONAL NAME FOR THE TREE-SHADED LEFT BANK OF THE RIVER CAM.



THE CELEBRATED "BRIDGE OF SIGHS." PART OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, IT IS A PERPENDICULAR STRUCTURE DESIGNED BY HENRY HUTCHINSON IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

#### THE SPLENDID ARCHITECTURE OF CAMBRIDGE : SOME REMARKABLE VIEWS.

Cambridge University probably grew up around the religious establishments of the early twelfth century. Peterhouse, the earliest of the colleges, dates from 1281. Its tremendous European reputation was, however, established by Erasmus in 1510. To-day it has twenty-one colleges, three of them for women, and about 5500 undergraduates. Clare College, shown on the right of the picture at the top of this page, was founded in 1326, but the present buildings were chiefly the seventeenth-century work of Robert Grumbold.

King's College Chapel, to the left of it, is a late Perpendicular building of 1446-1515, usually regarded as the University's greatest architectural glory. On the following page is a view of the Great Court of Trinity College, the biggest and most famous of all the Cambridge courts. In the centre is the fountain, erected in 1602 under the mastership of Thomas Nevile. Behind it stands King Edward's Gate, built about 1430, and on the right is the later and heavier Great Gate. To the left is the Master's Lodge.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by The Beric Press, Ltd.*





TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: UNDERGRADUATES STROLLING IN THE GREAT COURT.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by The Beric Press, Ltd.*





THE MARKET PLACE, CAMBRIDGE, SHOWN DURING A BUSY WEEK-DAY. BEHIND THE MARKET STALLS, AND DOMINATING THE PICTURE, IS GREAT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.



EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: A VIEW FACING THE GALLERY AND LOGGIAS DESIGNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN BETWEEN 1668 AND 1677.

#### CAMBRIDGE: A BUSTLING MARKET PLACE AND A QUIET CLOISTER.

Though less industrialised than Oxford, Cambridge has a fair number of modern buildings like the one to the right of Great St. Mary's Church in the top picture. Great St. Mary's, also known as St. Mary's by the Market, is the Parish as well as the University Church. It was used for "University" meetings before any Cambridge colleges were founded, and fourteenth-century traces remain in the chancel. The clerestoried nave is a marvellous piece of East Anglian Perpendicular and was built

between 1478 and 1508. Directly behind Great St. Mary's rise the pinnacles of King's College Chapel. Emmanuel College (bottom picture) is a Puritan foundation of singular beauty built on the site of a Dominican priory. It was founded in 1584 by Sir Walter Mildmay, who made use of the friars' buildings. The gallery and loggias, seen in this drawing, front the western end of the chapel which, with its Corinthian altar-piece and decorated panelling, is the College's loveliest building.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by The Beric Press, Ltd.*



# FRANCE HONOURS SIR WINSTON; AND A MISCELLANY OF NEWS.



DRILLING FOR OIL IN THE NEW FOREST: THE OIL RIG AT OGDENS, NEAR FORDINGBRIDGE, SITE OF A TEST DRILLING. As a result of geophysical tests in the south of England, the British Petroleum Exploration Co. have started a test drilling near Fordingbridge and work is going on day and night. At the time of writing the depth of 800 ft. only had been reached.



SIR JACOB EPSTEIN WITH HIS 11-FT. "ECCE HOMO" STATUE WHICH HE HAS OFFERED AS A GIFT TO SELBY ABBEY. In response to a request from the vicar, the Rev. J. A. P. Kent, Sir Jacob Epstein has offered this 6-ton marble statue free to Selby Abbey. The church council have accepted, but the Chancellor's permission is also needed.



THE OLDEST WORKING WINDMILL IN ENGLAND: THE 293-YEAR-OLD POST-MILL AT OUTWOOD GETS A NEW PAIR OF SAILS. This ancient windmill, owned and operated by the local family of Jupp for 120 years, has received a new pair of sails, the cost of these and other repairs being met by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, Surrey C.C., and others.

(Right.) WHEN SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL RECEIVED THE CROSS OF LIBERATION: SIR WINSTON AND GENERAL DE GAULLE STANDING TOGETHER DURING THE PLAYING OF THE "MARSEILLAISE."

On Nov. 6, after the playing of the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the Queen," General de Gaulle pinned on the breast of Sir Winston Churchill the Cross of the Liberation—a cross of Lorraine with a green and black ribbon. The citation included these words: "Trusted in France when it was most difficult, lending her the moral and material aid of Britain, her ally. Thus contributed directly to the liberation and victory. Will remain in history illustrious, of the highest." Of the 1054 recipients of this honour, 637 survive, there being three foreigners among them, Sir Winston Churchill, President Eisenhower and King Mohammed V of Morocco. Speaking afterwards, Sir Winston said that his old friend and comrade, General de Gaulle, would always represent the symbol and the soul of France.



THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM: BOTTLING AT EDINBURGH "OLD EAST INDIA SHERRY"—SHERRY, THAT IS, WHICH HAS MADE THE VOYAGE TO HONG KONG AND BACK. The directors of the Ben Line, the Edinburgh wine merchants Alastair Campbell and Co., and the wine shippers Wilson and Valdespino recently combined to revive the old custom of sending sherry for a long sea voyage before bottling, "for the benefit of the voyage." At a recent test of the result, the travelled sherry was pronounced brighter and smoother.



AT A GROSVENOR BANQUET IN LONDON: (L. TO R.) THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. ELIAHU ELATH, ISRAELI AMBASSADOR, MR. BARNETT JANNER, M.P., AND MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, M.P. This banquet was given on November 5 in honour of the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the State of Israel. It was given by British Jewry. Speaking at it, the Prime Minister said that even critics had to admit that Israel's energy and social and scientific progress had been impressive.





## REMARKABLE SIMILARITIES IN APPEARANCE AND BEHAVIOUR DESPITE RADICAL DIFFERENCES

It is often claimed that people are apt to look and behave like the pets they keep. This is probably a gross exaggeration but the principle underlying it is very near the truth, for animals living under similar conditions certainly come to resemble each other, even although they may have sprung from vastly different stocks. In Australia, for example, there is a small animal that habitually burrows in the earth. It is one of the marsupials or pouch-bearers. A very different type of mammal in the Northern Hemisphere also burrows in the earth. The one is

called a marsupial mole, the other just a mole. The fact that they are so named is an expression of the close resemblance between them. The furred animals of Australia, with few exceptions, are marsupials. Two of these exceptions are the egg-laying mammals, the platypus and echidna. The mammalian fauna of Australia is, therefore, vastly different in origin from that seen over the neighbouring continents, but these two faunas have spread themselves into a variety of habitats, or have adopted similar ways of life, and as a consequence there are

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker.



## IN STRUCTURE: AUSTRALIA'S MARSUPIALS AND THEIR TRUE MAMMAL COUNTERPARTS.

extraordinary similarities between them. It is not surprising that a flying lemur which glides from tree to tree should have its counterpart in a flying phalanger (a marsupial) that also glides from tree to tree. The needs in such a mode of life make it inevitable that the two should look alike. It is more surprising that the thylacine, or Tasmanian wolf, should look so dog-like. It is true that it preys on other animals as a wolf does, and possibly does so in much the same way. But it is surprising that, although the bones of the skull are different and the teeth

F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

more numerous, its head should be so strikingly dog-like. The marsupial mole and the thylacine are not exceptional and many of the pouch-bearers can be arranged in pairs with the true mammals as shown here. There is, however, one striking exception, between the kangaroos and deer. Both are grazers and browsers, yet although they perform the same tasks and live under much the same conditions, they differ markedly in appearance, their only common tie being that both depend on speed to escape their enemies.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

## THE FITZWILLIAM.



THE great Museum at Cambridge, known to generations of profane undergraduates and affectionate devotees as The Fitz Billy, owes its existence to the generosity of the 7th Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merrion, who, dying in 1816, bequeathed to the University his library, his prints, his pictures and £90,000 "for the purpose of promoting the increase of learning and the other great objects of that noble foundation." The building, designed by Bassevi, was begun in 1837 and completed in 1875; it has since been very considerably extended and now, as everyone knows, houses a collection of works of art—or rather a series of collections—which can hold its own for interest and variety with all but the very greatest. The Museum boasts that this has been accomplished without a single work of art among several hundred thousand costing either Government or University a shilling; both objects and funds throughout the whole of this lengthy period have been provided by individuals or groups of individuals. Therefore, sums up Mr. Carl Winter, who writes preface and notes to this noble volume,\* which surely does honour to the Founder, "the Museum may be truly said to reflect the taste of English private collectors and connoisseurs from the period when Lord Fitzwilliam began to form his collection, shortly after the middle years of the eighteenth century, until the present day. . . . It will be obvious that a collection assembled by these means, depending wholly upon the generosity of individuals, can scarcely conform to a predictable pattern and is bound to be more in the nature of a choice miscellany than a display of masterpieces deliberately acquired. It is a tribute to the liberality of its benefactors" [I should have added, "and to their learning and taste"] "that the Museum does in fact contain more masterpieces than might have been expected from this mode of collection."

Mr. Winter has set himself the nearly impossible task of pleasing all of us all the time by choosing just over a hundred paintings and other objects from Greek coins to Chinese porcelain out of these enormous riches; I think his choice is very near perfection, though I suppose many will grumble at the omission of one or more of their favourite pieces. Indeed, thinking hard, miles away from Cambridge, I can dredge up from the depths of my memory a pettifogging grumble of my own—that a very rare and what collectors label "important" caricature bust of an old woman represents fifteenth-century Italian maiolica rather than a far less rare but infinitely nobler and typical Florentine oak leaf vase, of which there are several in the collection. But what a niggling criticism to make!

I turn over pages at random, find dozens of old friends and fascinating information. A Lely, for example, fresh and charming beyond the ordinary, was bought at Sotheby's in 1941 for £4 (incidentally, an eloquent commentary upon prices during the darkest days of the war)! Here is the splendid man by Frans Hals with his great black hat set rakishly on the side of his head, and we find that before the picture was cleaned in 1949 (it had been presented to the Museum seventy years previously) the hat, an enormously important part of the design, was invisible. Together with the entire background it had been uniformly painted over, perhaps in the late eighteenth or early

nineteenth century, presumably to give the picture a more sober appearance. What extraordinary well-intentioned crimes have been committed in aid of temporary fads in æsthetic theory! A notable accession of both French and English paintings came with the bequest of Mr. F. Hindley Smith, who died in 1939. One of them is a Degas (reproduced in colour), the other a Renoir landscape "Le Coup de Vent," which loses a great deal in monochrome, but which is surely one of the

to England in 1923 and (though the note does not say so) was exhibited at Reid and Lefevre's in King Street, St. James's. I remember I asked the price and was told £800; to-day would one multiply by fifty or one hundred?

The splendid, unflattering and surely truthful bust of Charles II given by Sir Bruce Ingram—it stands at the head of those formidable stairs which lead somewhat gloomily to the first floor—is attributed to the interesting and very little-known sculptor John Bushnell, and was acquired by the donor in the early 1920's from the owners of the Mill Hill estate, where it had been since 1877. It then belonged to Mr. Sergeant Cox, who had purchased it with the furniture and fittings of Sergeants Inn, Chancery Lane, and re-erected the Hall, stained glass and all, at his house. The Drayton House Clock by Tompion, a notable thing of its kind, seemed at one period to have been lost to England for ever, for in 1928 it was sold for £5000 to America. In 1934 Mr. J. S. Sykes bought it from its American owner, together with two other Tompion clocks, and brought all three back to England. Shortly afterwards Mr. S. E. Prestige bought it from Mr. Sykes, and later (1947) presented it through the National Art-Collections Fund to the Museum together with another celebrated Tompion. And so, if space was available, could the tale run on.

The book summarises a formidable list of benefactors between 1816 and 1912 and again from then until the present day, devotes a page to the Marlay bequest of 1912, and three to a brief description of the tastes and character of the Founder, who appears to have been a man of exceptional modesty, leaving behind him singularly few letters or personal papers, and no portrait of any great quality. The Museum does possess a portrait of him as an undergraduate painted by Wright of Derby (the frontispiece to the book) which is pleasant enough. Mr. Winter remarks that Fitzwilliam lacked neither the means nor the opportunity of having himself portrayed by more distinguished hands "All that can be inferred from his apparent neglect to do so is an absence of vanity quite in harmony with all that is known of the plainness of his character." It is interesting to note his personal tastes. He was at home among musicians whether in London, Paris,

Madrid, Rome, Naples or Venice; and one of the principal parts of his bequest was his collection of autograph and printed music. There were 130 mediæval illuminated manuscripts among the 10,000 books of his library and his Print collection was—and is—of major importance. About half his pictures—there were nearly 150 of them all told—were of good minor Flemish and Dutch masters. Of the Dutch a Rembrandt is outstanding, but it would seem that his particular interest—as with so many other Englishmen from before his time down to our own day—was Venetian painting. There is a superb Titian—the "Venus and Cupid with a Lute-player"—a no less distinguished Veronese, two paintings by Jacopo Bassano (nowadays at long last recognised as of the first rank) and, of the eighteenth century, a silvery view of the "Entrance to the Grand Canal" by Bernardo Bellotto, nephew and pupil of Canaletto.

The book's purpose is to give the reader some idea of the riches and variety of the Museum's contents and "to acknowledge some of the many acts of generosity which have helped to form them." This is magnificently accomplished by a volume produced by the Trianon Press of Clairvaux. The first illustration is of an Egyptian Porphyry Vase of about 3000 B.C.; the last Augustus John's portrait of William Nicholson, painted in 1908-9. In between are six colour plates so near to the originals that their very texture can be understood and a beautiful series of monochrome collotypes; all this on the finest rag paper.



"ST. VERONICA": A DRAWING BY OR AFTER ROBERT CAMPIN, CALLED THE MASTER OF FLEMAILLE (1375-1444), WHICH WAS BEQUEATHED TO THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM BY THE REV. R. E. KERRICH IN 1872. (Pen, ink and wash, on vellum: 14½ by 6½ ins.)



"LE COUP DE VENT," BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919): ONE OF THE PAINTINGS IN THE IMPORTANT BEQUEST MADE TO THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM BY FRANK HINDLEY SMITH, WHO DIED IN 1939. (Oil on canvas: 20½ by 32½ ins.)

The painting and the drawing shown here are among the 137 works of art of which there are monochrome collotype reproductions in "The Fitzwilliam Museum—An Illustrated Survey," with an Introduction and Commentary by the Director, Carl Winter. This fine book, which is published by the Trianon Press, also includes six colour plates, reproduced by the collotype and hand stencil process. The book, which Frank Davis reviews in his article this week, provides a fascinating survey of the many and varied treasures that have come to this Cambridge Museum through a large number of benefactors, since its foundation by the bequest of the seventh Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merrion, in 1816.

most vivid and unforgettable landscapes ever painted; the note rightly remarks that the true subject is not the stretch of rather nondescript country depicted but the effect of the *coup de vent*, agitating grass and trees and shrubs as it passes. I would go further and assert that you leave this painting with the noise of the wind whistling in your ears. This, if my memory is not at fault, was one of the first and by no means the least stimulating Renoir landscape I ever saw; it came

\* "The Fitzwilliam Museum—An Illustrated Survey," With an Introduction and Commentary by the Director, Carl Winter, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. With 6 colour plates and 102 monochrome collotype plates. (The Trianon Press—Distributed by William Collins, Sons and Co., Ltd.; price before publication (on November 17), 8 gns—after publication, 9 gns.)



# PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE AND CERAMICS AT THE FITZWILLIAM.



A STAFFORDSHIRE SALT-GLAZE POTTERY "PEW GROUP" OF THE SECOND QUARTER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: IN THE FINE COLLECTION BEQUEATHED TO THE MUSEUM IN 1928, BY JAMES WHITBREAD LEE GLAISHER, FIRST HONORARY KEEPER OF THE CERAMIC DEPARTMENT. (Height, 6½ ins.)



"BACCHUS": A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FLORENTINE BRONZE STATUETTE IN THE VERY LARGE AND VARIED COLLECTION BEQUEATHED IN 1912 BY CHARLES BRINSLEY MARLAY, THE MUSEUM'S NEXT GREATEST BENEFACTOR AFTER THE FOUNDER. (Height, 19½ ins.)

## PIECES FROM A FINE BOOK ON CAMBRIDGE'S MUSEUM.



"THE MAYPOLE DANCERS": A CHELSEA GROUP OF ABOUT 1755, WITH THE RED ANCHOR MARK, IN THE IMPORTANT BEQUEST OF ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL PORCELAIN MADE BY LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE IN 1935. (Circular, 13½ ins. across.)

THE paintings, sculpture and ceramics shown on this page are among the 137 outstanding works of art of which there are monochrome colotype reproductions in "The Fitzwilliam Museum—An Illustrated Survey." This is to be published by the Trianon Press on November 17, and Frank Davis has reviewed it in his article this week. Since its foundation in 1816 by the bequest of the seventh Viscount Fitzwilliam of

[Continued below.]



A PADUAN BRONZE STATUETTE OF A GOAT BY ANDREA BRIOSCO, CALLED IL RICCIO (1470-1532): BOUGHT IN 1942 FROM THE LEVERTON HARRIS FUND. (Height, 4½ ins.)



A MAGNIFICENT T'ANG DYNASTY BLACK JADE HORSE, WHICH WAS FORMERLY IN THE CHINESE IMPERIAL COLLECTIONS IN THE SUMMER PALACE, PEKING: IN THE BEQUEST OF OSCAR RAPHAEL (d. 1941), WHO WAS APPOINTED FIRST HONORARY KEEPER OF THE ORIENTAL COLLECTIONS IN 1924. (Length, 10 ins.)



"A MAN IN MILITARY COSTUME," BY REMBRANDT (1606-1669): ONE OF THE IMPORTANT PAINTINGS IN THE BEQUEST OF LORD FITZWILLIAM, THE FOUNDER. (Oil on panel: 50½ by 40½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN": A VIGOROUS WORK BY FRANS HALS (1580-1666), WHICH WAS GIVEN TO THE MUSEUM IN 1879 BY JOSEPH PRIOR. (Oil on canvas: 31½ by 26½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," BY SIR PETER LEY (1618-1680): GIVEN IN 1941 BY THE FRIENDS OF THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, HAVING BEEN BOUGHT FOR £4. (Oil on canvas: 49½ by 40 ins.)

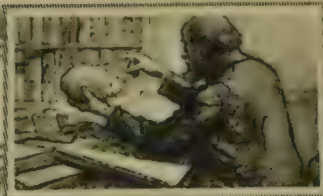
Continued.] Merrion, which included the Rembrandt shown here, the Museum named after him has been continually enriched by a succession of benefactors who have followed the Founder's example in making Cambridge University's museum one of the most important in this country. Opening with an Egyptian

Protodynastic porphyry vase, and finishing with Augustus John's portrait of Sir William Nicholson, the book emphasises the wide range of the collections in the Fitzwilliam, and in his Introduction and Commentary the Director, Carl Winter, has traced the growth and development of the Museum.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### A DOG NEVER FORGETS—WELL, HARDLY EVER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

MR. COOK went to Canada. A year later he came home again. There is nothing remarkable in this, but it is necessary to state the facts if my story is to have any point. He came home a year later, and he brought Mrs. Cook and his small son, Peter, to see us. Before he went to Canada, Mr. Cook had often called in of a week-end and he had come to be on friendly terms with Jason. This is not difficult because the dog is naturally friendly. This hefty, 90-lb. weight of boxer cross-breed barks like a fury—if furies did bark—at anyone entering the gate, and then proceeds to lavish affection on that person. If it is a small child, the risk is that he may knock the child over as he bounds forward. Since we knew Peter would be arriving that evening, the dog was tied up, inside the house.

The first to arrive were Mrs. Cook and Peter. They came in through the porch, both doors of which were wide open, since it was summer, and they were introduced to all and sundry, including Jason, who had not met them before. Nevertheless, he made them welcome and, within the limits of the leash that restrained him, made a fuss of them. Then Mr. Cook appeared at the outer door. This was a moment I had waited for and was watching intently. He did not speak, he wore different clothes and he had hardly shown himself at the outer door. The dog could have been forgiven for failing to recognise, but the instant Jason saw him, his normal affectionate greetings turned to ecstasy. He strained at his leash and, finding he could go no further forward, transmuted the energy that would have carried him forward into muscular movement that made his whole body writhe. And with it, he raised his head and cried. I have no doubt my experience is far from unique, but this was the first time I had seen Jason literally cry for joy, and when Mr. Cook came forward to touch him, the dog put every ounce of his being into lavishing affection on him. He was, as we say, beside himself with joy. I had expected the dog would remember, and I had expected an emotional scene. But what I saw then far exceeded my expectations, and gave me food for thought.

Another exercise in testing the memory of a dog came more recently. On July 6 this year, our sheltie increased the number of inmates of our house by two puppies. As usual, one of the first problems, once the puppies were safely delivered, was to name them. The dog puppy proved to have a sable coat with some white markings. The most prominent of these ran in an irregular band round his shoulders, as a lace collar on a velvet suit, like Little Lord Fauntleroy, which was later abbreviated to *Fauntle*. The bitch puppy, was tri-coloured, black with white and tan markings. She was given a name also, but that is of no concern here because as soon as she could run she became *Poppet*.

There may be an appearance of stupid sentimentality in naming dogs, but the fact remains that some names so fit the personality of the animal that they suggest themselves. This was one such. *Fauntle*, for his first three months, was fat and barrel-shaped, and he had all the appearance of being dull-witted. That, by the way, is

now changed. His fat has gone and his wits have sharpened. His sister, by contrast, was, from the first, lean and agile, alert and sharp. She always took the initiative in any mischief, and *Poppet* seemed to fit exactly her jaunty, cheeky air.

All this is, however, merely to introduce the puppies and to aid description of their behaviour. *Poppet* always led, *Fauntle* always followed. But

upset the course of his new life. Some three weeks had elapsed before my daughter Jane went to see him. It is as well to stress at this point that the puppies had been nursed by their mother, in special quarters outside the house, and that most of their time, once they could run, had been spent in the garden. Jane it was, however, who had given more attention to them than the rest of us, but she had not particularly made a fuss of them.

When she called to see *Fauntle*, she whistled to him as she had done before when he was at home with us; on hearing this, he stopped what he was doing and appeared, rather stolidly, to be thinking for a brief moment, as if trying to recollect something. Then he bounded down the garden, and proceeded to make a fuss of her. His behaviour towards her was not much different from that he had shown towards me when I had seen him again for the first time. There was, perhaps, a little more enthusiasm in his greeting, but nothing at all to compare with that Jason had shown for Mr. Cook. Yet for 24 hours after Jane had left him *Fauntle* sulked, or was it that he was merely sad? At all events, he curled himself up in his basket, refused to eat, and failed to respond to all the attempts by his new owners to comfort him. His despondent mood wore off eventually and he was once again happy in his new home. He had not shown signs of "sulking" following my visits to him.

Two days after Jane's visit I went again, and this time took *Poppet*. I put her down in the garden as her brother came out of the house. It was only three weeks since they had been playing together, three weeks since the end of a full three months during which they had been inseparable companions. A dog's memory being what it is, I had expected them to recognise each other instantly and to bound upon each other with every symptom of joy. Quite the reverse took place. They halted, when separated by about 3 ft., looked at each other suspiciously for a few seconds, then each slowly advanced towards the other until their noses almost met. They sniffed at each other, and each withdrew a pace. Again there was hesitation before they advanced again to sniff each other's nose.

The preliminaries took a perceptible time before the two decided that each had found an agreeable playmate. Now, however, there was a difference. The stolid *Fauntle* had acquired an independence. They played as equals.

There must be a moral to these two stories, but whatever it may be is not obvious—to me. The story about Jason was included as evidence, if, indeed, such evidence is needed, of a dog's long memory. Yet a puppy can forget its boon companion in a short space of three weeks but be upset on having to part with a foster-parent after a brief reunion. And why should a foster-parent call forth so much more response than the puppy's own mother? Is it that human beings, being what they are, draw forth from an animal more than its own kin will do? If that is so, then there must be a reserve of emotional feeling in an animal to draw upon, far greater than the scientific analysis of animal behaviour would lead us to suppose. Perhaps this is the moral that eludes.



MARKEDLY DIFFERENT IN TEMPERAMENT: POPPET (LEFT) AND FAUNTLE—SISTER AND BROTHER SHETLAND COLLIE PUPPIES. THIS PICTURE BRINGS OUT THE ALERT, IMPISH CHARACTER OF THE FORMER AND THE STOLID, SLOW CHARACTER OF THE LATTER.



WITH ONE OF THE SHELTIE PUPPIES, WHICH HE TOLERATES: JASON, THE STUPIDLY FRIENDLY BOXER CROSS-BREED, WHOSE AFFECTION FOR A HUMAN BEING, HOWEVER, CAN BE INTENSE AND HIS MEMORY OF THAT PERSON LONG. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

they were inseparable. Always there was this black-and-white sprightly bundle of mischief with the tan body and white lace collar following hard on her heels, stolidly, as if willing to take part in any action but not fully comprehending. The two slept together, played together and fed together for three months: *Poppet* and her shadow. Then came the time when *Fauntle* was taken to his new home.

He was disconsolate for a day, but soon settled down. He greeted me with pleasure whenever I went to see him, but our meetings never once





THE EXPRESSIONS OF JASON: PORTRAIT STUDIES OF A VERY FRIENDLY CROSS-BRED BOXER.

In his article this week Dr. Maurice Burton has written of his exceptionally friendly 90-lb. boxer cross-breed, *Jason*. On this page we reproduce a series of photographs illustrating a variety of moods and expressions of this dog. Here we see *Jason* showing apprehension rather than guilt after a minor misdemeanour. Although he has never had more than a scolding in such cases, he does not relish even this. To draw attention to himself and indicate

that it is dinner time, *Jason* has picked up the cat's rug in his mouth. A good bone is all-engrossing, and so apparently is the thought registered in the centre photograph. The desire for a walk is shown by a rather pathetic expression, which no dog-lover could ignore, while the complete satisfaction of sitting in his favourite spot by the fire is also most clearly seen. *Jason* obviously feels that three legs make a wonderful chin-rest—just the thing for a snooze.

Photographs by Jane Burton.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### WALNUTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

DURING the last week or two I have been enjoying home-grown walnuts from a tree in my garden, and how uncommonly good they are when freshly harvested

like that! It must have been about fourteen years ago that I planted a young walnut-tree in my garden at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire. It was a grafted specimen, of the variety "Mayette," and stood 2 or 3 ft. high. Three years after it was planted I migrated to my present home in the Cotswolds, and "Mayette" was one of the garden



FILBERTS. CLOSELY RELATED TO COBNUTS, FILBERTS ARE LONGER AND THEIR HUSK PROTRUDES WELL BEYOND THE NUT.

The native cob-nut is *Corylus avellana*, the hazel. The filbert is a close relation from Southern Europe, *Corylus maxima*, which was introduced into this country as long ago as 1759. It is more robust than the hazel and sometimes reaches 20 ft. in height. (Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.)

treasures which I brought with me. The tree does not seem to have suffered from this chequered career, and it is now about 12 ft. tall and 12 ft. through. During the last five or six years it has carried an annual crop of a dozen or less nuts. But this autumn it has given a really useful harvest. "Mayette" is one of the thin-shelled varieties, so that one can crack the nuts between finger and thumb—at least I can—without having to resort to nut-crackers. I find it best to let the nuts fall, and then leave them lying in the grass until the outer green casing splits and falls away. Fortunately, we are not plagued by either red or grey squirrels, so that this easy and somewhat casual way of harvesting is quite safe.

I feel very sure that if one is going to plant a walnut-tree, it is well worth while investing in one of the named varieties, such as "Mayette," rather than putting in just a walnut, raised probably from seed, which may or may not produce nuts of worth-while quality. And I think I am right in saying that grafted specimens of named varieties will come into bearing when much younger and smaller than specimens which have been merely raised from seed—the seed in this case being a planted nut. If all goes well next year, and my tree produces a good average crop for its age and size, there should be enough to allow for a moderate picking of the young green walnuts for pickling.

I was fortunate in finding several big old bushes of nuts when I took over my present garden. The nuts vary a good deal in both size and shape, one bush in particular being the Kentish cob, whilst others have quite small nuts and may, I think, be nothing but the ordinary wild hazel. However, small though they are, they are very pleasant to eat. My nut bushes are extremely useful as providers of all the pea-sticks that I require for the kitchen garden, good branchy ones, as well as tall, straight wands for the scarlet runners. I have recently been promised, by a neighbour, a

specimen of the purple-leaved cob-nut. It is an extremely handsome thing, with leaves very much the colour of a copper beech, and the nuts, together with their hoods, or whatever is the name of the frilly cup that holds the nut, are purple, too, whilst the kernels are tinged with pink. For anyone who likes eating nuts, a few cobs and hazels in the garden are uncommonly good value, whilst in a garden with ample room a nut-walk is a delightful feature. I once planted such a walk in a garden which I was planning and planting, and it turned out a tremendous success.

I planted it avenue fashion, with the nut bushes on both sides of a gently curving path at such distances apart that they spread out to touch one another, and to form a tunnel of over-arching branches. And I planted a pair of purple-leaved nut bushes at each end of the nut-walk by way of a sort of finish.

A few days ago I paid a visit to Westonbirt to see the autumn colour in the famous arboretum, and was fortunate in hitting upon the perfect time for this. The finest colour was to be seen among the acers or maple species. These were brilliant in vivid reds—almost scarlets in some cases—as well as soft yellows, golds and orange, and these brilliant trees, small trees mostly, were grouped usually with backgrounds of greenery. The sad thing with many of these acers is that their autumn glory is so short-lived. They flare up into a blaze of splendid red or gold, and then, in a relatively short time, they suddenly shed all this splendour, and settle down, naked for the winter. There is, however, one Oriental species of acer whose

autumn finery is as brilliant as any of the others, and finer than most, and which holds its leaves over a most satisfactory period. This is *Acer griseum*, a relatively slow

grower, though eventually it can make a fair-sized specimen. And in addition to its fine autumn foliage, *griseum* has a most attractive bark, of a fine tawny red. And the bark has a trick of continually peeling off, as though it were just recovering from scarlet fever, and this peeling has the advantage of



"BEAUTIFUL AT ALL SEASONS . . . AND RECOMMENDED FOR PLANTING IN SMALL TO SMALLISH GARDENS": *ACER GRISEUM*, HERE GROWING IN A BED OF *ERICA CARNEA* "SPRINGWOOD WHITE." (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

### A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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exposing the fresher-looking bark beneath.

This beautiful and easily grown maple, making, as it does, a relatively small tree at its largest, and being such a slow grower, can safely be recommended for planting in small to smallish gardens, for it is beautiful at all seasons, even when quite leafless. I can imagine a group of from half a dozen to a dozen *griseums* looking magnificent with some dark evergreen background.

I wonder if anyone has thought of selecting good colouring varieties of our native wild maple, *Acer campestre*. I know several individual specimens of this maple which turn to most brilliant gold and red each autumn. They are quite as gorgeous as any of the Oriental species. It would be interesting to experiment with such forms to discover whether their colouring habit would remain if they were taken from their native hedges to life in a garden.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**CO-WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS: PROFESSOR P. A. CHERENKOV.** Three Russian scientists, Professor P. A. Cherenkov, Professor I. M. Frank and Professor I. Tamm, who all live in Moscow, have shared the Nobel Prize for Physics for "the discovery and interpretation of the Cherenkov effect." Professor Cherenkov discovered the effect named after him in 1934, and Professors Frank and Tamm later worked out a detailed theory of it.



**A NEW NOBEL PRIZE WINNER: DR. JOSHUA LEDERBERG.**

It was announced in Stockholm recently that the Nobel prize for medicine is to be shared by three Americans. One of them, seen above, is Dr. Joshua Lederberg, who is Professor of Genetics in the University of Wisconsin. He received the award for his discoveries concerning genetic recombination and the organisation of the genetic material of bacteria.



**SHARING THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR MEDICINE: DR. E. L. TATUM.**

Dr. Edward L. Tatum, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York, shares half this year's Nobel prize for medicine with Dr. G. W. Beadle. They won their awards for jointly discovering that genes act by regulating definite chemical events. Their work has meant the beginning of a new kind of knowledge of heredity.



**A NOTED CIVIL ENGINEER: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HALCROW.**

Sir William Halcrow, the consultant civil engineer, died at Folkestone on October 31, aged seventy-five. Educated at George Watson's College and Edinburgh University, he was articled to Messrs. P. W. and C. S. Meik, the firm which ultimately became W. T. Halcrow and Partners. He was Chairman of the panel of engineers who designed the Mulberry harbour.



**DUTCH GIRL SKATER WINS TROPHY FOR THIRD TIME IN SUCCESSION.**

On November 3 Miss Sjoukje Dijkstra, who is aged seventeen and comes from Holland, won the Richmond ice skating trophy for the third successive year. She totalled 811.5 points and had a good lead over her nearest challenger, Miss Diana Clifton-Peach, aged fourteen, South of England champion from Bournemouth, who had 759.7 points.



**AT A RECEPTION TO LAUNCH SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN'S "THE TATE GALLERY": MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON (RIGHT) TALKING WITH MR. STANLEY SPENCER.**

On November 6 a reception was given at the Tate Gallery to celebrate the publication by Thames and Hudson of Sir John Rothenstein's "The Tate Gallery," a book outlining the history of the Gallery and reproducing a selection of its masterpieces. The well-known actor, Mr. Charles Laughton, spoke most movingly about this impressive volume. Mr. Stanley Spencer was among the many distinguished artists who were present.



**PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS: H.E. ASSAYED IHSAN HASHIM.**

His Excellency Assayed Ihsan Hashim, the new Jordanian Ambassador in London, presented his Letters of Credence to her Majesty the Queen on November 5. He was formerly Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office of Jordan, and received his new appointment in September. He arrived in England by air on October 3.



**ON A VISIT TO MOSCOW: SIR JOHN COCKCROFT.**

Sir John Cockcroft, O.M., Director of the Harwell atomic research establishment, left London by air on November 8 for Brussels on his way to Moscow. He has been invited by the Russian Academy of Science for a visit of about seven days. At the airport Sir John described his visit as "strictly scientific."



**TORY CANDIDATE IN MORECAMBE BY-ELECTION: MR. BASIL DE FERRANTI.**

Mr. Basil de Ferranti, 28-year-old Conservative candidate in the Morecambe and Lonsdale (Lancashire) by-election, the polling for which took place on November 6. Mr. de Ferranti won by a majority of 11,231 seats. He is a director of Overseas Operations of Ferranti Ltd. Educated at Eton.



**AFTER WINNING CUBA'S PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: SENOR AGUERO, WITH HIS WIFE.**

Señor Andres Rivero Aguerro won an overwhelming victory in the Cuban presidential election, held on November 3. He was formerly Prime Minister, and was President Batista's candidate for the presidency. Half the eligible voters went to the polls.



**ELECTED M.P. FOR CHICHESTER: MR. WALTER H. LOVEYS.**

Mr. Walter H. Loveys, the Conservative candidate, was elected by a majority of 13,654 in the Chichester by-election on November 7. Mr. Loveys, who is thirty-seven, is a farmer and comes from a long line of West Sussex farmers. He is an authority on the breeding of Aberdeen-Angus cattle.



**A MALTA DOCKYARD APPOINTMENT: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GORDON HUBBACK.**

Vice-Admiral Sir Gordon Hubback, who has been Fourth Sea Lord and Vice-Controller since January, has been placed on the retired list on his appointment as Managing Director of the company formed to take over the Malta dockyard. He has had wide experience in dockyards.







# ROYALTY IN THE TEMPLE; A WINDSOR CASTLE MODEL; AND SEA NEWS.



AFTER THE REDEDICATION OF THE ROUND PORTION OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WALKING TO INNER TEMPLE HALL FOR LUNCHEON.

On November 7 the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother were all present when the rebuilt round portion of the Temple Church was rededicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Queen and Prince Philip later lunched in the hall of the Inner Temple, of which the Prince is a Bencher.



EXAMINING A MOLYNEUX GLOBE IN THE NEW MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY WHICH SHE HAD JUST OPENED: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO IS A MASTER OF THE BENCH. After attending the rededication of the round portion of the Temple Church, her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother took luncheon with her fellow-Benchers in Middle Temple Hall and later opened the fine new library, designed by Sir Edward Maufe, R.A.

(Right.) TO BE PRESENTED TO A SWISS MUSEUM: A 7-FT.-LONG MODEL OF WINDSOR CASTLE, BEING EXAMINED BY THE MAKER, MR. M. LACEY (RIGHT), AND SIR OWEN MORSHEAD.

This model, believed to be the first scale model of Windsor Castle ever made, is being presented by members of the British Club, Zürich, and other British and Commonwealth residents in Switzerland, and will be exhibited at the Rapperswill Museum, the arrangements having been made by the British Council. Sir Owen Morshead, formerly Librarian at Windsor, will lecture on the Castle on November 22, when the model is to be presented. The Museum has a fine collection of models of castles.



TRINITY HOUSE'S NEWEST FAST PILOT LAUNCH, LEADER, AN EXPERIMENTAL CRAFT ALREADY IN USE AND RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED ON THE THAMES.

Designed to go alongside large vessels and trans-ship pilots in the open sea in all weather, *Leader* was built by John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., and the design evolved between Trinity House and Thornycrofts. She has two Rolls-Royce diesel engines and a speed of 16 knots. Since July 1957 she has carried out 736 trans-shipments without ever having to be withdrawn.



THE FIRST RUN OF A SCHEME TO ENABLE LADEN LORRIES TO PROCEED DIRECT FROM NORTHERN IRELAND TO ANY PART OF EUROPE: GOING ABOARD M.V. BARDIC FERRY. The first run of the Atlantic Steam Navigation Company's transport ferry service was made on November 5 from Tilbury to Antwerp. This is the second sea "leg" (the first being from Larne to Preston) for road transport proceeding direct from Northern Ireland to any part of Europe without unloading.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## PRUSSIA AND SPAIN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

A FORTNIGHT ago I was regretting my unfamiliarity with Marin Držić, the sixteenth-century Croatian dramatist. Not that this mattered very much, for we are unlikely to hear a great deal of Držić in the British theatre. But the German dramatist, Gerhart Hauptmann (1862-1946), is a very different matter. When I came to the Arts Theatre some nights ago, I found that people were talking to each other a little timidly, as people do when they are afraid that they may reveal socially embarrassing ignorance. The play was Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen" under the English title of "Garden of Loneliness," work by a dramatist by no means as well known as he might be on the London stage.

Fortunately, I did know the basic facts about him and had read several of the plays. (Curiously, too, the Düsseldorf Schauspielhaus company has just done "Michael Kramer" at Sadler's Wells.) But Hauptmann is not a writer we find in this country every day. In fact, the last West End production of a play by him is recalled principally because of the first-night attack on the German actor, Werner Krauss. He was booed because (though he was of no special political persuasion) Hitler had just come into the ascendant, and tempers were high. The year was 1933: Krauss, at the Shaftesbury—a theatre destroyed during the blitz—was acting the old widower in "Before Sunset." The audience was uneasy. Pandemonium rose about a minute after the play began, "shouting, leaflets, stinkbombs, and all the wretched paraphernalia of fanaticism in public," said Eric Keown.\*

After three minutes of Hauptmann, the curtain was lowered. A man in the gallery demanded fair play, and a few seconds later, deathly pale, Peggy Ashcroft came out and waited for silence. Then she said: "There are about thirty British actors and actresses in this company, and all of us feel most deeply the honour . . . [of] acting with the distinguished artist who is a visitor in our midst. I appeal to you to give him and us a fair chance." Boos and catcalls were still mixed with the cheering aroused by this act of courage, but after further disturbances had spread as far as the dress circle, peace was at length established, and the audience forgot its embarrassments in the excitements of the acting.

Hauptmann's output was vast: one thinks, at random, of "Hannele," "The Weavers," "The Beaver Coat," "The Sunken Bell," and "Rose Bernd." But the general public has had little chance to know more of a craftsman, skilled and prolific, who moved between social problem-drama and fantasy. He was more at home in naturalistic tragedy. One of his editors, Ludwig Lewisohn, wrote of him in 1913: "His art sums up an epoch—an epoch full of knowledge and the restraints of knowledge, still prone, so often, before the mechanical in life and thought; but throughout all its scepticism, full of strange yearnings and visited by flickering dreams; and even in its darkest years and days still stretching out hands in love to a farther shore."

"Garden of Loneliness" was one of his first plays. Here, at the beginning of the last decade of the nineteenth century, Hauptmann presented a young intellectual baffled by circumstance and forced at the last to his death. He is married to an affectionate wife; he has loving parents. But none of them is imaginative; none can understand his need for a companionship of the mind. Stifled by domesticity, and by the rigid self-satisfaction of German life in those years, he greets ardently the arrival of a young emancipated student, one of the New Women. Alas for hope! She must not be permitted to move in

a closed-circle world where any departure from conventional thought is a crime; the family forces her to go, and the young man shoots himself.

The suicide is unfortunate in the theatre because to-day we have grown so used to it as a means of ending an otherwise insoluble piece. It seems, if we make no effort to think ourselves back into the period, to be a routine move, the



A SCENE FROM "GARDEN OF LONELINESS" BY GERHART HAUPTMANN, DIRECTED BY RICHARD DUSCHINSKY, AT THE ARTS THEATRE: (L. TO R.) VIVIENNE BENNETT (MRS. VOCKERATH), ANNE RIDLER (ANNA BRAUN), MICHAEL ATKINSON (JOHN VOCKERATH) AND JANE GRIFFITHS (KITTY VOCKERATH), AS ANNA BRAUN BIDS FAREWELL TO THE VOCKERATH FAMILY. MR. J. C. TREWIN CALLS "GARDEN OF LONELINESS" A "THOROUGHLY GOOD REVIVAL."



A TOAST TO THE NEWLY-CHRISTENED BABY: (L. TO R.) VIVIENNE BENNETT (MRS. VOCKERATH), STANLEY BEARD (MR. VOCKERATH), DAVID AYLMER (LEO BRAUN), FRANK ROYDE (PASTOR KOLLIN), JANE GRIFFITHS (KITTY VOCKERATH), MICHAEL ATKINSON (JOHN VOCKERATH), JACQUELINE HARRISON (MAID), AND BRENDA BENNETT (NANNY) IN ANOTHER SCENE FROM "GARDEN OF LONELINESS."

sign of a desperate dramatist. But in Hauptmann's play the shot is inevitable. This is a night of exciting vigour, genuine "mental fight": the people live, the theme is not negligible, and the cast acts with a truth that takes us over certain difficult locations in the text. Richard Duschinsky, who has prepared the version as well as directing it, could make it more supple, alter such a word as "intellectualist" and such an unfortunate phrase

as "oodles of noodles" (period 1891). There are other troubles, but these struck me most directly. I mention them now because this is a thoroughly good revival of a worthy play, one that we ought to see again. It is acted with sharp understanding by Michael Atkinson (the young man), Vivienne Bennett (his mother), Jane Griffiths (his wife), and Anne Ridler (the newcomer). And David Aylmer, as an unsuccessful artist round the house, is a credit to a name that the theatre respects so deeply.

Hauptmann's world and that of "Ferdinand the Matador" (Belgrade, Coventry) are not noticeably close. Leo Lehman (the librettist) and Christopher Whelen, his composer, have founded a musical comedy on the adventures of a dolorous tourist-party in Spain. We do not get farther than the fictional resort of San Antonio on the Atlantic coast, and Mr. Lehman appears, after a brisk beginning, to lose interest in his people. Or maybe it is that, having begun to enjoy himself satirically with his conducted-tour types, he has run out of material and has had to look round anxiously for something to say next.

His company, led by Oscar Quitak and Diana Coupland, tries hard, and occasionally with success, to say it for him, and the choreography of Bice Bellairs, the sets by Voytek, and the direction of Bryan Bailey do what can be done for a castle in Spain that is insecurely built. Further, Christopher Whelen who, as we know, has an ear for a light-musical score (little could have been better in its way than "School"), has not been inspired here, except in a song called "Olé," which Cherry Morris—primness transformed—throws off with shattering effect. I would like very much to cry "Olé," but I am afraid that, behind all the effort, I can hear the authors as they say plaintively to each other, in the words of one of the lyrics, "Splendid romantic Spain, How do I get out of this mess?" Let me add quickly that there have been many worse musical comedies; it is simply that this one does lose heart at a time when it ought to blaze. The title may mislead. You need not expect to see the matador "shake the red cloak and poise the ready hand."

Finally, not a play seen, but a play to come: true, one that we have met in fairly recent years and expect again with delight: Pinero's "The Magistrate." It is to reach the Old Vic—of all theatres—early in the New Year, directed by Douglas Seale and with Michael Hordern as the unhappy magistrate of Mulberry Street. I applaud the choice and shall reinforce my ribs for the occasion.

Pinero's farces, like those of Ben Travers in later years, have always enchanted me. Both of these writers have made of their medium—and Travers, I hope, will be making again—more than what Leigh Hunt called

sulkily "an unambitious, undignified, and most unworthy compilation of pun, equivocal, and claptrap." Any farce of Pinero's has a firm base: nonsense flowers from it. I wait with enthusiasm for the magistrate's tale of his night out just as I shall hope, one day, to meet "The Schoolmistress" again, to hear the description of the lark-pie as "architecturally disproportionate," and to listen to Miss Dyott as, blundering from the hall with a bust under her arm, she observes: "It is an embarrassing thing to break a bust in the house of comparative strangers." Pinero was writing those farces a few years before Hauptmann began his social dramas in Germany. It must relieve us all that "Garden of Loneliness" is a success. How embarrassing if the bust had been broken in the house of comparative strangers!

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS" (Victoria Palace).—A new farce. (November 11.)

"GHOSTS" (Old Vic).—Flora Robson as Mrs. Alving, Ronald Lewis as Oswald, and Michael Hordern as Pastor Manders, in a revival of Ibsen's drama, directed by John Fernald. (November 12.)

"CHRYSANTHEMUM" (Prince of Wales's).—Pat Kirkwood in a musical comedy set in the London of forty years ago. (November 13.)

\* "Peggy Ashcroft" (Rockliff, 1955), p. 46.



# MARKING THE TERRITORIAL ARMY JUBILEE: THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"—1914-18: ONE OF THE TABLEAUX DEPICTING THE HISTORY OF THE TERRITORIAL ARMY IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW ON NOVEMBER 10.



"THREAT OF WAR"—1939: THE NAZI JACKBOOT STRADDLES FRANCE, THE TOE HANGS OVER LONDON, AND THE T.A. DOUBLES IN SIZE.



"VICTORY—1945"—THE FAMOUS CHURCHILLIAN SMILE AND "V" SIGN FORMING THE CENTRE OF THE FOURTEENTH TABLEAU.

The theme of the Lord Mayor's show, which took place on November 10, was the Territorial Army—a very apt choice as the new Lord Mayor, Sir Harold Gillett, M.C., has had a close association with the Territorials for many years, and as this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the T.A. in 1908. In bright and sunny weather the colourful procession wound its way from Guildhall past the Mansion House, where the new Lord Mayor took



THE LORD MAYOR, SIR HAROLD GILLETT, TAKING THE SALUTE FROM THE FRONT OF THE MANSION HOUSE AS THE "VICTORY 1918" TABLEAU—AN "OLE BILL" BUS—DRIVES PAST.



FOLLOWING A TABLEAU SHOWING LONDON UNDER THE BLITZ: "RETALIATION"—A 3.7 A.A. GUN, A TRACKER AND A SEARCHLIGHT SHOWING THE PART PLAYED BY THE T.A. IN A.A. COMMAND.



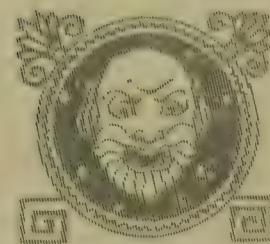
SOME OF THE FORERUNNERS OF THE TERRITORIALS: FOUR LADIES OF THE FIRST AID NURSING YEOMANRY, WHICH WAS FORMED IN 1907.

the salute before entering his magnificent coach to bring up the rear of the procession on its way to the Law Courts. Large crowds had gathered along the route and the theme of the Territorial Army was obviously one that meant a great deal to those who took part as well as to many of those who watched. The eighteen tableaux told the story of the T.A. from its forerunners to "To-morrow"—a tableau of cadets from the City of London School.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### LIFE'S JOURNEY FROM SWEDEN

NOT all masterpieces are fundamentally simple, but the plot of the new Swedish film, "Wild Strawberries," has the fundamental simplicity of many a masterpiece. An aged professor of medicine is travelling a long way by car to the University of Lund to receive an honorary degree which will be the crown of his life-work. He duly arrives and is duly honoured, and there is no death—nothing but serenity—at the close. But the film is composed of the workaday incidents and the life-and-death musings of the old man on his journey.

We are reminded at the very outset of the film's Swedish origin—its director is Ingmar Bergman—by a Strindbergian dream which decides Professor Borg to travel by road instead of by air. This dream-sequence makes direct use of an idea that René Clair had for a very short film very early in his career—the idea of a man who finds himself the only human being in a huge city in which Time has suddenly stopped. But in this Bergman development Time has gone one better and ceased to exist. In the Clair film, as one remembers it, the hands of all the clocks had stopped at the same moment. But in the Bergman one the hands themselves have vanished, and when the frightened dreamer consults his watch, its hands have vanished likewise.

The rest of this opening dream—another human glimpsed at last (though he turns out to have a warped face), a plumed hearse suddenly rounding a corner, a coffin which falls out and is seen to contain the corpse of the dreamer himself—is just regulation horror—for a Strindbergian Swede at least! It chills us as surely as it wakens up the dreamer, but it is not on a par with that original imaginative stroke of Time ceasing to be as well as stopping dead.

By ALAN DENT.

because too sheltered and too perfect in himself.

Just when we are about to side with the old man rather than with the girl in this somewhat

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



VICTOR SJOSTROM IN THE FINE SWEDISH FILM "WILD STRAWBERRIES."

Of his current choice Alan Dent writes: "Not since that unforgettable Italian film, 'Umberto D,' has there been a better central performance by an elderly actor than that given

by the veteran Victor Sjöström, seen above, in the Swedish film 'Wild Strawberries.' It is a full-dress character study by an actor who has hitherto been much better known as a film director. For example, he directed the famous silent film, 'Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness,' was responsible for many notable Swedish films of the silent era between 1912 and 1928, and as artistic advisor to the Svensk Filmindustri discovered the talent of Ingmar Bergman, the notable director of the present film. Sjöström is now eighty years old." ("Wild Strawberries" has had its first London showing at the Academy Theatre.)

unfair argument, our car has to stop and give a lift to three hikers—a girl with a pipe in her mouth and two rueful strings to her bow. She loves one young man, but she thinks she ought to love the other because he has more love to return. Their problem is more of a worry to the old Professor than it is to the trio themselves, who are, after all, very young and, for the most part,

hilariously irresponsible. They come all the way to Lund with us. Not so a young couple, bitterly married, who nearly involve us in a road-accident. The man explains:—"She would insist on driving, and she is an actress!" We take them in, but their bickering becomes so loud and atrocious that we have to drop them on the road after a mile or two.

The daughter-in-law takes the wheel, and the old Professor falls asleep and dreams again, not frighteningly but nostalgically of the past, because he is passing through a landscape where he lived as a boy. The visitants from the past incline us into sentimentality, but never too much so. The danger is avoided by keeping the old Professor himself still aged and not improbably rejuvenated in the centre of scenes which happened sixty years ago and more.

The veteran Victor Sjöström's full-dress delineation of the old man, both waking and dreaming, is haunting, expressive, Rembrandt-esque. In the same bill as "Wild Strawberries" was Basil Wright's "Greece—the Immortal Land," a film which begins beautifully in the heart of the Acropolis in the blaze of noon, and ends beautifully with the pillars of the Parthenon seen against sunset and sundown. But the hour-long core of this film seemed to me to be one long and increasing mistake—with views of modern Athens (which might equally well be Minneapolis), some restive visions of the rest of Greece, a grossly overwritten script by Rex Warner delivered with a soporific portentousness by Leo Genn. By way of compensation there were some platitudes from Thucydides read by Michael Redgrave, and some translations of modern Greek poetry read by Sir John Gielgud, though not even this most poetical of actors could make them sound like true poetry. However, the brave but muddled venture certainly had



A SCENE FROM THE FILM "WILD STRAWBERRIES": THREE HITCH-HIKERS, VICTOR (BJORN BJELVENSTAM), ANDERS (FOLKE SUNDQUIST) AND SARA (BIBI ANDERSSON), CONGRATULATE PROFESSOR BORG (VICTOR SJOSTROM) WHEN THEY LEARN THAT HE IS TO RECEIVE AN HONORARY DEGREE.

And now whereas Bergman's last great film, "The Seventh Seal," just went on deploying its medieval horror without ever becoming human, "Wild Strawberries" wakes up into real and recognisably human life. The old Professor has a nagging but devoted housekeeper, and his not very serious quarrel with this character over the provision of his breakfast introduces a welcome and not-at-all expected quality of humour. He sets out on his long journey with his daughter-in-law who is going to take turns at driving the big car. She seizes the opportunity right away of telling the old gentleman a few home-truths about his character which had never dawned upon him before—that he is at heart, for example, too impatient of human weaknesses,



ON HIS WAY TO THE UNIVERSITY OF LUND, PROFESSOR BORG ENCOUNTERS MR. AND MRS. ALMAN (GUNNAR SJOLBERG AND GUNNEL BROSTROM), AN UNHAPPY MARRIED COUPLE WHOM ONLY MUTUAL HATRED KEEPS TOGETHER.

a beginning, and equally certainly had an ending.

This double bill was on view at the Academy Theatre (near Oxford Circus), which hardly ever lets one down in its supply of master-films. Neither does the Everyman (opposite Hampstead Tube station), which is screening the marvellous Maxim Gorky trilogy throughout November. Almost equally reliable for revivals of the best films, recent or old, are the four little Classic Theatres in Kilburn, Chelsea, Westbourne Grove, and Baker Street. This particularised information is directly meant for readers, both Commonwealth and American, who often write to ask me where—when they visit London—they can be sure of finding Garbo still queening it, or the Marx Brothers still letting it rip.

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

- "THE NAKED AND THE DEAD" (Rank. Generally Released: November 3.)—The film of that powerful American war-novel (by Norman Mailer) which the world found so readable because so many of its words were unprintable.
- "THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA" (20th-Fox. Generally Released: November 10.)—America—in the person of John Wayne—tries to civilise Japan a hundred years ago. Directed, extraordinarily enough, by John Huston.
- "VIRGIN ISLAND" (British Lion. Generally Released: November 10.)—This settles down, after a shaky start, into a delectable British comedy about a young couple who set up housekeeping in the Place Declared and find a joyous Man Friday in Sidney Poitier.



# FROM KENILWORTH CASTLE TO A NEW PRISON: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS.



RESCUED AND RESCUERS: MARIANNE CAUCHI (LEFT) AND HER FRIENDS WITH SERGEANT BAMBRIDGE, THE WINCH MAN, AND FLIGHT-SERGEANT McEACHERN (RIGHT), THE PILOT, WHO RESCUED HER FROM A RIVER ORWELL MUDFLAT IN THEIR HELICOPTER.

On November 4 ten-year-old Marianne Cauchi, of Felixstowe, was playing with two friends when she was trapped and slowly sinking in a mudflat on the River Orwell. She was rescued "in the nick of time" by an R.A.F. helicopter of the Air-Sea Rescue unit, Felixstowe, which was on a routine exercise in the area.



PRESENTED TO THE TOWN OF KENILWORTH BY LORD KENILWORTH: KENILWORTH CASTLE, IN WARWICKSHIRE, WHICH WAS BOUGHT BY THE 1ST LORD KENILWORTH IN 1937.

Since its purchase by the late Lord Kenilworth in 1937 Kenilworth Castle has been in the hands of the Ministry of Works as guardians. The castle, with the manorial rights, has now been presented to the Urban District Council of Kenilworth by the present Lord Kenilworth, who lives in Jersey.



DEDICATED ON NOVEMBER 7: THE NEW CHAPEL OF THE CONVENT OF THE ADORATION REPARATRICE, BEAUFORT STREET, CHELSEA. Standing on the site of St. Thomas More's house and replacing the church destroyed during the war this impressive modern chapel of the Convent of the Adoration Réparatrice was dedicated on November 7. The chapel, which was built in less than twelve months, was designed by Professor H. O. Corfiato, Professor of Architecture in the University of London.



AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: MR. SELWYN LLOYD WELCOMING THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, M. COUVE DE MURVILLE. On November 6 M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister, arrived in London for talks with the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. Mr. Maudling and Sir David Eccles also attended the talks, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd took M. Couve de Murville to 10, Downing Street for a discussion with Mr. Macmillan.



THE FIRST PRISON BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY IN HALF A CENTURY: THE CELL BLOCKS OF THE NEW BORSTAL AT EVERTHORPE. The new Borstal at Everthorpe, in Yorkshire, which has been built at a cost of about £1,000,000, is the first prison to have been built in Britain in the last fifty years. Though designed as a prison it is being used as a closed Borstal because of the overcrowding at other establishments, and it is not certain when it will come into use as a prison.



LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR, SIR HAROLD GILLETT, SEEN (LEFT) AS HE LEFT GUILDHALL ON NOVEMBER 8 AFTER THE CEREMONY KNOWN AS "SILENT CHANGE." Sir Harold Gillett, London's new Lord Mayor, is seen with Sir Denis Truscott (right), the outgoing Lord Mayor, as they left Guildhall after the new Lord Mayor's admission on Saturday of last week. The colourful ceremony is conducted almost entirely in silence.



DURING HIS VISIT TO THE MINT: THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MR. HEATHCOAT AMORY, INSPECTING A REDUCING MACHINE. On November 7 the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Heathcoat Amory, paid his first visit to the Mint in his capacity of Master of the Royal Mint, an office which, since 1870, has been held ex-officio by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.



# IN LONDON, MELBOURNE AND NEW YORK: MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS; AND EXHIBITIONS.



"ROCKY LANDSCAPE," BY MAARTEN DE COCK (ACTIVE 1620-30): IN THE EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AT THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERY. (Gouache on vellum: 4½ by 6½ ins.)

"RIVER LANDSCAPE WITH COTTAGES AND A DOVECOTE," BY JAN BRUEGHEL THE ELDER (1568-1625): FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE FIRST EARL OF BURLINGTON. (Pen and ink: 7½ by 9½ ins.) Mr. W. R. Jeudwine and Miss Yvonne French have assembled a notable selection of Old Master Drawings and English Water-colours for their Exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery, 74, South Audley Street, which continues until November 29. Among them are a recently discovered group of twenty-eight pen-and-ink drawings by Benjamin Haydon, the nineteenth-century painter of historical works, which Miss French acquired from a Suffolk dealer.



ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA, MELBOURNE, THROUGH THE FELTON BEQUEST: "THE FINDING OF MOSES," BY SEBASTIANO RICCI (1659-1734). (Oil on canvas: 91 by 123 ins.) This large and important canvas shows the direct influence on Sebastiano Ricci of Paolo Veronese and the figures are reminiscent of those of Veronese's picture of the same subject in Dresden. The purchase was made through Messrs. Colnaghi's, at whose galleries the painting was shown before being sent to Australia.

(Right.) "DIANE CHASSERESSE," BY NARCISSE-VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PENA (1807-1876): IN MESSRS. LOTINGA'S BARBIZON SCHOOL EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas: 21½ by 13½ ins.) In their current exhibition of Paintings and Drawings of the Barbizon School, which continues at 57, New Bond Street, until the end of the month, Messrs. G. M. Loting are showing notable works by Daubigny, Diaz, Harpignies, Rousseau, Troyon, Millet, and others. The drawings include a group of delicate landscapes by Daubigny, which have until recently been in the possession of the artist's family. There are also two important Millet drawings. Diaz is represented by a glowing forest scene and by three figure compositions. The one shown here is remarkably in sympathy with the Sebastiano Ricci reproduced on the left.



IN THE NOTABLE GIFT OF THE SAMUEL H. KRESS FOUNDATION TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: A LOUIS XVI SECRETAIRE BY P. ROUSSEL. (Height, 56 ins.)

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has recently announced the gift of an outstanding group of French eighteenth-century furniture, Sèvres porcelain, and other related objects of art, mostly from the Hillingdon Collection, by the Samuel H. Kress Foundation. Included is this drop-front marquetry secretaire with gilt-bronze mounts, signed by Pierre Roussel.



PRESENTED TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BY SIR CHESTER BEATTY: "CUPID AND PSYCHE," A TERRACOTTA BY CLAUDE-MICHEL, CALLED "CLODION." (Height, 23 ins.)

The delightful Clodion statuette, the Louis XVI secretaire, and also a French commode of the 1780's by Joseph Stockel, have all been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Sir Chester Beatty, and are to be seen in the Acquisitions Court. The Clodion has been on loan at the Museum since 1956.



A LATE LOUIS XVI UPRIGHT SECRETAIRE ATTRIBUTED TO BERNARD MOLITOR: ALSO IN SIR CHESTER BEATTY'S GIFT TO THE V. AND A. (Height, 58½ ins.)

The delightful Clodion statuette, the Louis XVI secretaire, and also a French commode of the 1780's by Joseph Stockel, have all been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Sir Chester Beatty, and are to be seen in the Acquisitions Court. The Clodion has been on loan at the Museum since 1956.



## ANNOUNCING OUR 1958 CHRISTMAS NUMBER—NOW ON SALE.



REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON TWO PAGES: A STRIKING SELECTION OF TWENTY-FOUR PLAYING-CARDS FROM A UNIQUE PACK MADE IN 1628 FOR PRESENTATION TO CHARLES I. THESE SILK INLAID CARDS ARE DECORATED WITH FLOWERS, SNAKES AND PARROTS.

THE 1958 Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News* was published on November 14, and may be obtained from any good-class newsagent or book-stall for 4s., or for 4s. 6d., including postage, direct from the Publisher (Dept. EN), Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, W.C.2. The early date of publication is due to the very large, world-wide circulation of *The Illustrated London News* and the necessity, therefore, of ensuring that all countries may obtain copies in time for Christmas. This year the familiar red-and-gold cover of the Christmas Number has as an inset Filippino Lippi's lovely rondel, "The Rest on the Flight into Egypt." In addition to all the colour subjects described below there are further illustrations in black and white, among them a series of drawings of London types and scenes by Phil May. For Christmas reading there are three fully-illustrated new short stories—"The Girl in the Polo-Necked Sweater," by Amy O'Neill; "Letter to Santa Claus," by Beth Dutton, and "Alison," by Gordon Rowbottom—and an article by William J. Forbes on "The Story of Christmas Trees." Once again the Christmas Number is full of interest for young and old. Order or buy it soon to ensure your copy—but keep it till Christmas to make the most of that something special which *The Illustrated London News* Christmas Number adds to the enjoyment of this festive season.



"THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN HISTORY AND LEGEND—II: STRASBURG, THE EARLIEST AUTHENTIC RECORD (1605)"—ONE OF FOUR COLOURFUL DRAWINGS BY PAULINE BAYNES.



THE STRIKING FRONTISPICE OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER: "ON CHRISTMAS DAY 'DOWN UNDER': PICKING CHRISTMAS BUSH IN NEW SOUTH WALES."



ANOTHER OF PAULINE BAYNES' DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING AN ARTICLE ON "THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS TREES," BY WILLIAM J. FORBES: "MARTIN LUTHER'S TREE, ABOUT 1533."

## THIRTY-EIGHT SUBJECTS IN FULL COLOUR.

"On Christmas Day 'Down Under': a little girl picking Christmas Bush in New South Wales.  
 "The Christmas Tree in History and Legend": four drawings by Pauline Baynes.  
 "Boys at Play": two charming paintings by Goya, and a delightful painting of a reluctant schoolboy of a hundred years ago by John McDonald.  
 "Every Picture Tells a Story: Greek Tales by Roman Artists"—a series of Roman wall paintings.  
 "A Florentine Love-Story of the '80's": six amusing water-colours by Randolph Caldecott.  
 Beauty, elegance and innocence: five drawings by Boucher, Moreau le Jeune and Joshua Reynolds.  
 "The Picture of the Year Half a Century Ago": a double-page reproduction of Frank Craig's masterpiece, "The Maid."  
 "Skating on the Serpentine": two London winter scenes by Ibbetson and de Loutherbourg.  
 "Cards that the 'Martyr King' may have played with": from a unique pack made for Charles I.  
 Merry-making in Flanders and in England: two gay outdoor scenes by Vinckboons and Frith.  
 "Christ Taking Leave of His Mother": a sixteenth-century German masterpiece by Albrecht Altdorfer.  
 "King of the Christmas Table": the Turkey family drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker.  
 "The sharp and sombre chill of Winter": two striking landscape paintings by Alan Reynolds.  
 "Santa Claus up-to-date": a seasonable photograph for dog-lovers.



"KING OF THE CHRISTMAS TABLE: THE DOMESTICATED TURKEY AND SOME OF ITS WILD AMERICAN FOREBEARS": AN IMPRESSIVE DRAWING IN FULL COLOUR BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

A GOOD writer must always be welcome to exceed his promise, and perhaps one shouldn't point out the circumstance. It may be rather a gaffe to seem aware of it. And with "Anecdotes of Destiny," by Isak Dinesen (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.), one feels peculiarly nervous of a gaffe, owing to the writer's well-known anti-plebeian outlook. All the same—her last book was called "Last Tales," and had so much finality about it that one specially rich, inviting legend simply broke off. So this volume has the air of a footnote. These are "anecdotes," not tales; none has quite the magic of density of that half-told story, or others yet further back. Though the lightness doesn't imply brevity—there are several quite long ones—and is still pure Dinesen. Yet, with no change either of stuff or manner, lightness there is—a slightly porous effect.

By comparison, at least. For here, too, the writer is not only herself, but full of surprise details which are all herself. As her work is 90 per cent. style—style of language and style of vision—I needn't enlarge on what these stories are about. They are in the past as usual; not for period's sake, but to abolish the smell of naturalism. As usual, favouring a vague nineteenth century: but one is Persian, and concludes with a wonderful ironic rhapsody on fish. In detachment, this *tour de force* can challenge anything she has written; I don't know that the story adds to it, or rather is well contrived as an approach. Then there are two long stories, quite different, about the gulf between art and reality. In *Tempests*, a pure, aspiring stage-Ariel goes through a real storm as though it were Shakespeare, and is then unhinged by discovering it was life. In *The Immortal Story*, a dry old Cantonese merchant asserts his power and revenges himself on a sailors' yarn by making it happen. Luckily these tales are their own reward; I mean they are justified by the incidentals. Not by their point, which is really unsuited to Isak Dinesen. For in her world there is no gulf between art and reality. Her people are all Ariels of one kind or another, living by aesthetic principles. Their spring of action is an idea; it may, of course, be one of charity and religion, as with the mild sisters in *Babette's Feast*. What they never act on is human instinct or common sense: these being among the plebeian values exorcised by their creator. It is their absence that makes the stories uncomfortable—and perpetually unexpected. For sense and fellow-feeling are in the nature of constants, but you can't tell which way ideas will jump.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Return to Cheltenham," by Helen Ashton (Collins; 15s.), is a smooth little piece of sense, feeling and historical evocation. Alicia, the doctor's only and lonely child, is hackneyed enough to run away with an Irish charmer, met at her first ball. Rory has just come into the family estate. He takes her proudly to his new home—Killimor House, on the edge of Galway and Mayo—and at first it seems to abound sluttishly in everything. Except neighbours. "It's quite different from the old days," Rory says crossly, "there's nobody here at all." And he can't think why not: though in a few years his own classical, pillared house, crammed with tradition and possessions, will be empty and falling down. For they are just entering the potato famine. And what Ally had valiantly foreseen as a lifetime in this very strange place turns into a terrible short view of public misery and class decadence. When it is over, it is all over; she can return home and start again. Of course the bad part—the famine, the abortive canal, the death of Killimor—is in a way the crux. And yet not really. It is all of a piece: equally smooth, modest and persuasive from end to end.

"Ask Me No More," by Pamela Frankau (Heinemann; 16s.), disappointed me extremely. Because it started, or rather promised, so very well. Style and intelligence, feeling and sense of character—it seemed to have everything. Alex, we find, is not only secretary to Geoffrey Bliss, playwright and *noceur*, but his concealed steady. Which is rather a strain; for the severe Alex lives by truth, while Geoffrey is a confirmed liar—mostly by way of being nice to people, especially his conquests. Though Alex loves him, she can still contemplate walking out, and in fact do it, after his chase of her friend Perdita the butterfly. However, they make up and marry during the war. Soon after, Geoffrey is killed on a mission of atonement. Then in the 'fifties who should turn up but a strange, beat American kid, his and Perdita's son. . . . The tale never exactly falls off; yet in the end it doesn't jell, or provide more than enough interest to keep one going.

"Miss Hogg Flies High," by Austin Lee (Cape; 13s. 6d.), is designed (at the request of fans) to show the ex-schoolmarm sleuth in glory. And in a way it does. It exhibits her as house-guest to the Minister for Ballistic Warfare, at Balehopper, in Yorkshire, with the actual Prime Minister and American Ambassador looking in (offstage). Or, rather, as the guest of his wife, Lady Anne, who apprehends something—we don't know what. And indeed I never really made out what. The event, however, is cyanide in the private secretary's cocktail. And it is all very agreeable as usual.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## THE VICHY REGIME, ENGLISH ESSAYS AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

THE French have elaborated a certain style of writing contemporary history which I find peculiarly enervating. They put a special period, probably covering only a few years, under the microscope, and follow events day by day—almost hour by hour. The documentation is formidable. The work which goes into these massive volumes is prodigious. But if the reader wants to get some general view of the period in question, or to form some judgment about it and about the chief characters who took part in it, he must do all the work himself. So far as the collapse of France in 1940 is concerned, with all that contributed to it and with its aftermath, works of this kind have been produced by Generals Weygand and Gamelin, as well as by Paul Reynaud and several other politicians with memories of Vichy or of free or occupied France. Now M. Robert Aron has given us "The Vichy Régime, 1940-1944" (Putnam; 42s.). This book is very much in the tradition of its predecessors, and although readers may feel that it needs courage to embark on its 536 pages, I can assure them that that courage will be rewarded. Various points puzzled me. Although M. Aron confesses that his bibliography is incomplete, I found one or two American sources quoted, but no English source at all—not even Sir Winston Churchill's memoirs. Then, although M. Reynaud's second book, "Au cœur de la mêlée," is listed, there is no mention of his first, which bore the somewhat equivocal title, "La France a sauvé l'Europe." The relations between the Vichy politicians and Britain turned on the simple fact that Marshal Pétain and his friends trusted to the good faith of the Germans while the British Prime Minister did not. I should have thought that both Mers-el-Kebir and Dakar were amply justified in view of later events. M. Aron seems to me to take an unduly critical view of these interventions—but I must repeat that this style of writing makes it far from easy to establish what in fact the author's views are.

The point, however, lies in the tragi-comedy which was played out in Vichy itself; in the manner in which effective power was exercised by Laval, Flandin, Darlan, and then by Laval again; in the pursuit of "collaboration"; and in the rapid downhill progress of the régime to its humiliating end. Nothing in this book is better than the little pen-portraits which the author slips in as each new character comes on to the stage. He uses detail to great effect. Here is a picture which gives the authentic Pétain:

At this time the Marshal enjoyed a popularity such as had been given to no one for a very long time. During his first journeys in the free zone, the ringing of bells from cathedrals and churches greeted the arrival of the "providential old man." . . . The Prefect of Toulouse, sitting beside the Marshal, started at the sight of a woman throwing herself before the motor-car and taking advantage of the halt to try and touch the Head of the State's hand. He turned towards the Marshal, with the intention of making excuses for the hysterical woman. The Marshal had seen nothing: he was asleep—"without however losing his dignity or his sovereign bearing."

"The Marshal had seen nothing; he was asleep." What a pathetic epilogue to the whole sorry story!

From history I turn to literature, to which the World's Classics series has rendered great service. "English Critical Essays" (Oxford University Press; 7s.) is a second series of examples from the twentieth century, selected by Derek Hudson, who also contributes an introduction. To choose from the work of contemporaries is always an invidious task, but Mr. Hudson knows what he is about. In period of time, the essays range from the work of Charles Morgan to that of Stephen Spender.

This week I am offering variety, rather than a special theme. "Mountains in the Sea," by Martin Holdgate (Macmillan; 25s.), tells the story of a group of young men who carried out a scientific survey of Gough Island, in the desolate seas near Tristan da Cunha. It is a straightforward narrative, full of information about birds and beasts, rocks and vegetation, all illustrated by magnificent photographs, many of them in colour. I was particularly interested in what the author had to say about the human side. "Life on a 'desert island,'" he writes, "involves personal relationships. . . . We spent

six months on Gough Island; and during that time I do not think there was ever a really serious quarrel. There were occasions on which people became more or less 'prickly' and reserved; they were often justified, and they never came to open dispute." His conclusion is that "the qualities which make for success in expedition life are the same as make for success in practising Christianity anywhere. But the merit of expedition life is that it makes the acquisition of those qualities an obvious essential." A perceptive young man.

Lastly, all admirers of the Gordon Highlanders will welcome the fourth volume of Captain Cyril Falls's "The Life of a Regiment" (Aberdeen University Press; 42s.), which covers the whole period of the First World War. "The Gordons," writes Captain Falls in a superb understatement, "were always triers"!

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIRTY-SIX nations competed in the International Team Tournament at Munich. Each team played eight four-game matches in the preliminaries and a further eleven in the finals. Simple arithmetic reveals that the tally of games in the entire event must have reached 1368. Not one was defaulted through any cause throughout and the great majority were full of skill and fighting spirit.

For an event of even one-tenth of this scope, our ancestors had to wait for half a century at a time. To attempt to do justice to this sheer bulk of play is a staggering task. Any one writer could, without undue pedantry and without the least risk of boredom, study the games for half a lifetime. If each had an average four hours' duration—a modest estimate—they represent over seven months' actual playing time, day and night included; and all this by trained experts at concert pitch.

It is no wonder the printed bulletins, which were intended to come out daily giving every game played in the previous round, fell a week behind schedule. They caught up eventually. Every move in every game—some 50,000 moves in all—is now preserved for posterity.

Lest my soulless facts and figures give an impression of ponderous drabness, let me emphasise that everybody had a great time. Except perhaps the unfortunate Greek who had a nervous breakdown and was taken to hospital. "Perhaps he'll play better now?" suggested somebody heartlessly, who took a poor view of his previous play.

One Tunisian player, whose game had degenerated into an absolute shambles, tried a new gambit. He offered a draw in his native tongue. His Portuguese opponent, assuming he was resigning as any normal person would, shook hands in friendly fashion and went and reported a win. The Tunisian reported a draw. The organising committee, confronted with the paradox of one game producing two different results, examined the final position for a moment, then summed the situation up in blistering comment.

The U.S.A., four times winners between the wars (before the Soviet Union began to compete), may have been a little disappointed to finish fourth. Considering some of the handicaps to which they were subjected, I think they did well. Their fifteen-year-old champion, Bobby Fischer, declined to play, I understand, because he had not been guaranteed a big enough fee. Sammy Reshevsky is an ultra orthodox Jew whose religion complicates play on Fridays and Saturdays—and the most important matches seemed to fall on these days. If this were not enough, their next best player, William Lombardy, went driving a car without a licence valid in Germany and involved himself in a minor accident. For several days he dared not start a game for fear that a summons to court might prevent him from finishing it!

Western Germany got a terrible shock when overtaken and beaten by Eastern Germany. I suspect that official organisation played a big part. One would not expect Unzicker, the West's top board, to be thrashed as he was by Uhlmann, East German champion; but intensive study of all Unzicker's games throughout the past five years by a panel of experts might have brought chinks in Unzicker's armour to light: he would hardly be human if it did not. You can think what you like of the process; it certainly has the merit of thoroughness and it produces results. The incredible concentration on a single objective is reminiscent of the firing of the first Sputnik!





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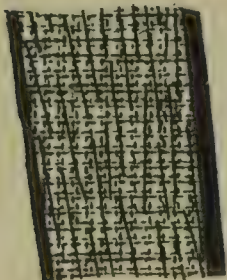


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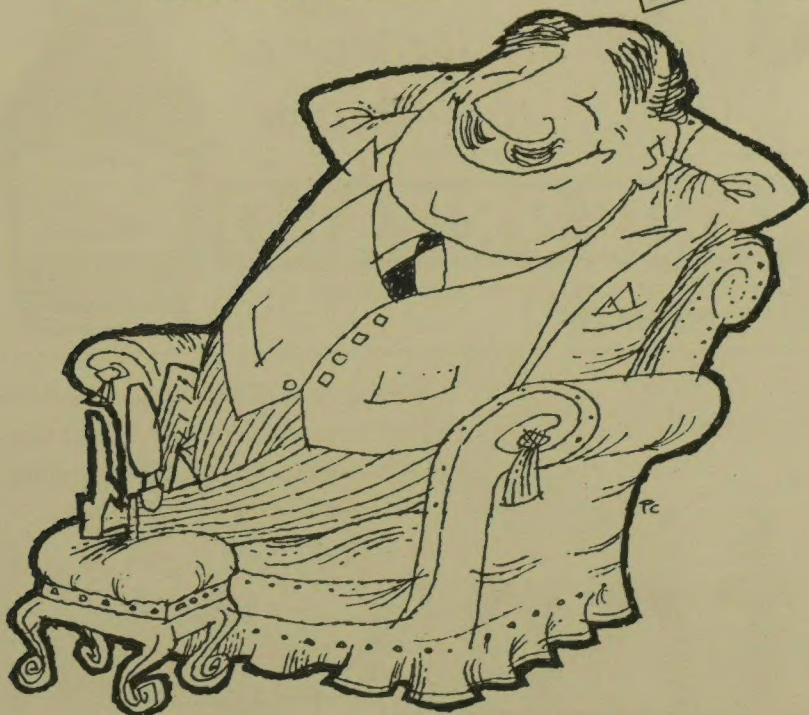
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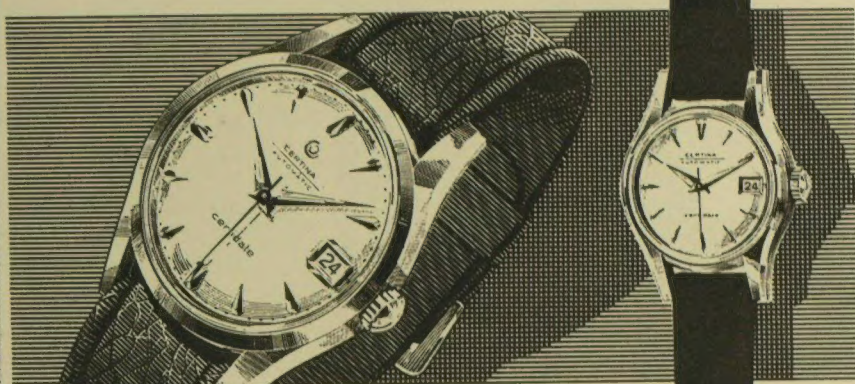
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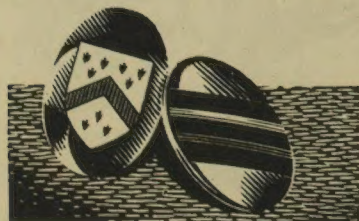
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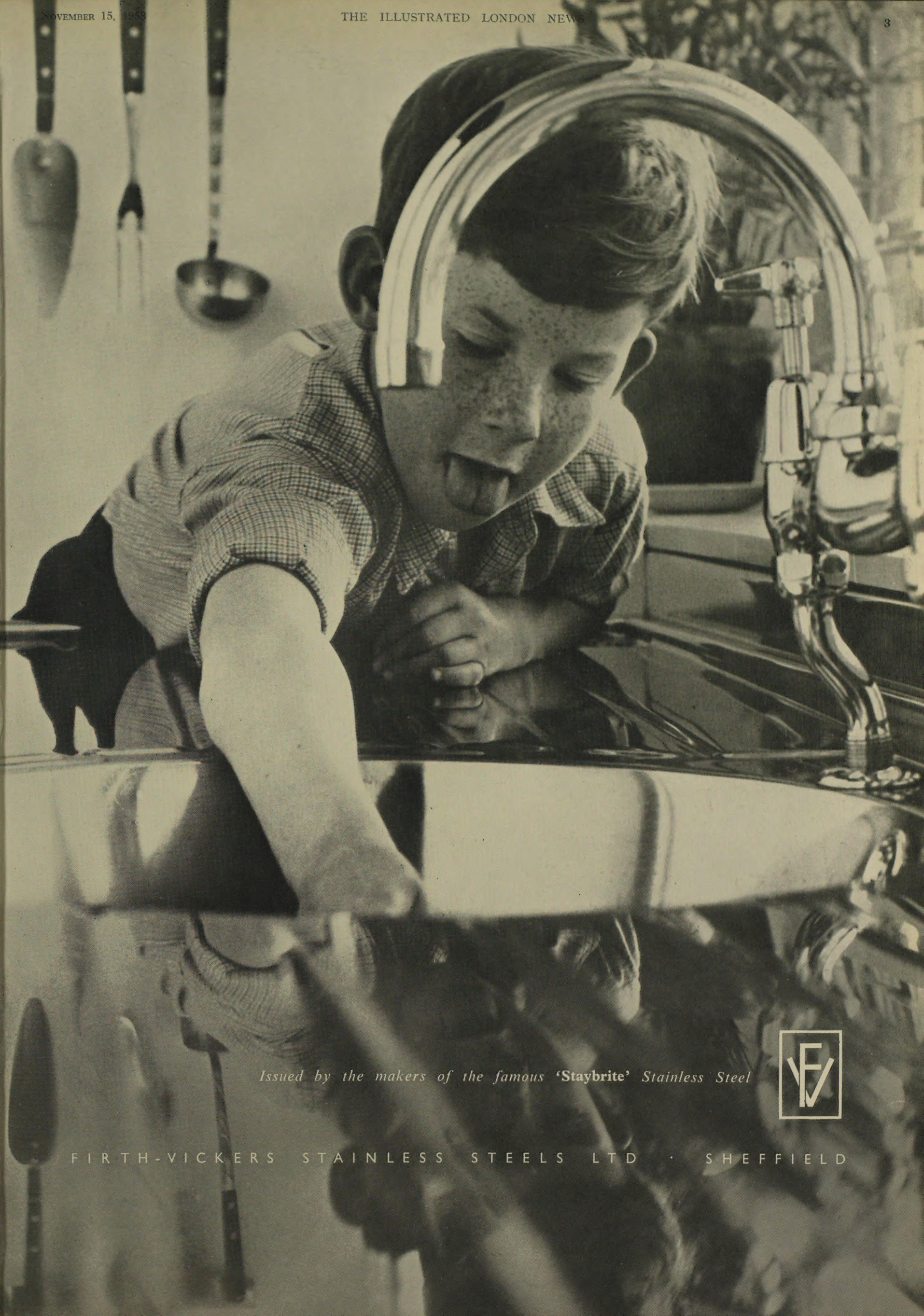
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